

WEEKLY.]

The Musical World.

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VOL. 67.—No. 30.

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Sept. 13th.—Cherubini's "MASS IN D MINOR," Cowen's "SONG OF THANKSGIVING," Dr. Parry's Ode "BLEST PAIRS OF SIRENS," and Ouseley's "ST. POLYCARP."
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Facts and Comments.

The present Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD, who has conducted that journal for the last two years-and-a-half, finds it necessary, owing to pressure of work, to resign his position. He will, however, continue to watch the further course of the paper with much interest, and has every hope, and every reason to hope, that the new editor, Mr. Edgar F. Jacques, will continue the journal in the same spirit of the love of all that is genuine and elevated in art, to whatever school, period, or nationality it may belong, which he has endeavoured to impart to these columns.

A correspondent on the Continent to whom we have applied for advice as to the best route to Bayreuth, writes: "Take the very reduced tickets, *via* the Great Eastern Railway, to Nürnberg, rebooking from Nürnberg to Bayreuth." By glancing at the map, it will easily be seen that the route, Harwich, Rotterdam, Cologne, Nürnberg, is the most direct one, and passengers have the opportunity to break their journey at Cologne; to visit the famous Cathedral at Brugen; to see the newly-finished grand statue of Germania, above Rudesheim, at Nürnberg, which is, perhaps, the only city in Germany which still has the same appearance as it used to have in the middle ages. It is a perfect jewel of antiquity.

We commented last week on the announcement that an opera was being written, the libretto of which is founded on the "Nana" of Zola. This week we learn that M. Massenet has taken the same author's "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," as the basis of the libretto of his new work. M. Massenet is not only a musician of active and fertile imagination; he has often shown, in the selection of his libretti, a catholicism of sympathy which is not too common, even amongst composers of his own calibre. But there is such a thing as being too catholic in these matters, and in the present instance M. Massenet has certainly overstepped the limits of artistic propriety. It is not for us to enter the combat which wages about the moribund novels of the pornographic school, only in so far as we hold nothing alien which concerns the dignity of art; and the dignity of art is distinctly challenged when so excellent a composer as M. Massenet prostitutes his gifts to the service of Aphrodite Pandemos. It is nothing to the purpose that M. Massenet proposes to treat the book neither in the style of opera nor opera-comique, but simply to supply the story with incidental music. The wrong to the great cause is none the less hideous, nor less deserving the condemnation of all loyal artists.

An agreeable contrast to all this is the announcement that M. Benjamin Godard is at work on a new composition, which has for its subject the wonderful and immortal love story of Dante and Beatrice. The great Florentine's genius never broke into sweeter or tenderer blossom than here in this lovely tale, which, whether or no it holds shut within its petals any deeper allegory, is one of the most beautiful of romances; and it is not a little strange that so few attempts should have been made to treat the story musically. It is, of course, impossible to say how far M. Godard will succeed in dealing with the supernatural machinery of the book, which will transport the listener to the celestial and infernal regions, which, however, will only appear as in a vision. Still, the theme is sufficiently noble to inspire any composer.

The death of M. Engel, the director of the Kroll Theatre,

at Berlin, has brought forth the usual harvest of reminiscences and anecdotes, one of the most characteristic of which is as follows. Engel had conceived the brilliant idea of having a 'combination' cast in a small way, and to this end proposed to two famous singers, Nachbaur and Reichmann, that they should appear on one occasion in the same piece. The two artists, who had never been heard together, consented, and Engel proceeded to ask their terms. 'I will sing,' said Nachbaur, 'on condition of receiving half the takings.' 'And you?' said Engel, turning to the other. 'My terms are the same,' answered Reichbach, 'half the takings.' Engel, who knew the ways of artists, was in no wise disconcerted. 'Very well, gentlemen,' said he, 'I only ask you humbly to grant me an order for the performance, that at least I may be able to enter my own theatre!'

The telephone is a very admirable thing when you know who is listening at the other end. It is not altogether pleasant to know that all your candid and unguarded remarks may be heard by some one a mile away, as the conductor of the Monnaie Theatre at Brussels chanced to discover. The history of his discomfiture is as follows:—The Queen of Belgium, it seems, had a telephone "laid on" to the theatre in question, and, unknown to the conductor, proceeded one day to listen to a rehearsal of "Les Templiers," which was then proceeding. Surrounded by some of her Court, the Queen sat listening for some time to the distant sounds, when suddenly the telephone fell from her hands. She had overheard the choleric conductor invoking the name of the Deity, and otherwise indulging in language not usual in Royal circles. Not more shocked were Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., and the gallant crew of H.M.S. Pinafore, when Captain Corcoran said "Damme!" The conductor himself was no less astonished to find what audience, fit, though few, had listened to his remarks. It is needless to add that from that day the rehearsals at the Monnaie have been marked by an embarrassing politeness.

Captious persons are wont to freely accuse musicians of envy, hatred, and malice towards each other; but what will they say when they read the following letter, which has been addressed by a sextett of distinguished French musicians to the Minister of Fine Arts concerning Glinka's opera, "Life for the Czar?"

"Monsieur le Ministre,—Les soussignés, membres de la section de composition musicale de l'Académie des Beaux-Arts de l'Institut de France, désireux de donner un témoignage de sympathie internationale et artistique à la Russie, dans la personne de Glinka, l'illustre fondateur de l'opéra russe, seraient heureux de voir représenter sur une scène française son œuvre capitale et populaire, *la Vie pour le Tsar*."

AMBROISE THOMAS, CH. GOUNOD, E. REYER,
C. SAINT-SAËNS, J. MASSENET, LEO DELIBES."

Here, surely, is generosity and honour amongst—artists! But perhaps the said captious persons, whose existence is, we trust, purely imaginary in the present case, might reply that musicians can afford to be generous to a dead composer.

The well-known tenor, Herr Winkelmann, who was to have sung in "Parsifal" at the forthcoming Bayreuth Festival, has been taken ill. His part will be filled by Herren Jaeger and Van Dyk, who will appear alternately.

C. M. von Weber's posthumous opera "Die drei Pintos" is to be performed at Prague, Breslau, Bremen, and Coburg.

The new Lancaster Theatre now in course of erection in Shaftesbury Avenue will open with "As you Like It," produced by Miss Wallis. The cast, as at present, will be as follows:—Rosalind, Miss Wallis; Phoebe, Miss Kate Fayne; Audrey, Mrs. Edward Saker; Duke, Mr. J. R. Crauford; Frederick, Mr. Charles Arnold; Amiens, Mr. Seymour Jackson; Jaques

de Bois, Mr. Harold Stafford; Le Beau, Mr. J. C. Buckstone; Charles the Wrestler, Mr. Arthur Fenwicke; Oliver, Mr. Charles Cooper; Jaques, Mr. Arthur Stirling; Orlando, Mr. Forbes Robertson; Adam, Mr. W. H. Stephens; Touchstone, Mr. W. Mackintosh; Corin, Mr. Allen Thomas; Silvius, Mr. Matthew Brodie; William, Mr. Sidney Harcourt; Lords, Messrs. Cathcart, Willats, &c. The scenery will be painted by Mr. H. Emden and Mr. W. Telbin. Looking at the above strong cast, a very interesting performance may be expected. By the way, Miss Wallis is to open the New Shakespeare Theatre at Liverpool, with productions of "As you Like It," and the "Taming of the Shrew."

The 23rd September is the probable date for the opening of the New Court Theatre, Sloane Square.

Miss Jessie Bartlett Davis, an American singer, has arranged with Mr. Vert for a concert tour in England.

It is also said that Mr. Vert will have the management of M^{me} Marie Roze's tour this autumn.

A new opera house will be opened shortly in Chicago under the direction of Mr. Gye. M^{me} Albani will appear in some favourite parts.

Last week we quoted from a letter in the *Chicago Herald*, in which the writer claimed to have been acquainted with Annie Laurie, and giving the origin of the song which bears her name. A correspondent of the *American Musician*, referring to the same letter in the *Herald*, says:—"The original of the song of 'Annie Laurie'—not less the sailor's than the soldier's song—are two verses found in a collection of Scottish songs, appended to the works of Robert Burns, from which many of his sweetest melodies were derived. The author was Mr. Douglas, of Fingland. These verses were written upon Annie, one of the four daughters, by his second wife, of Sir Robert Laurie, first baronet of Maxwellton. As Sir Robert was not created a baronet until 1685, this song may be ascribed to the latter part of the 17th century:

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew;
Where me and Annie Laurie,
Made up the promise true,
Made up the promise true.
And ne'er forget will I!
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me down and die!

The verse given above is almost literally the same as that of the present one. The second verse has been materially changed, but any one familiar with the melody would instantly recognise in it the germ which has been transplanted nearly two hundred years, and still lives.

A company has been registered under the title of Her Majesty's Theatre, Limited, with a capital of £125,000 in £5 shares. The object is to purchase, lease, or otherwise acquire certain lands, hereditaments, and buildings, known as Her Majesty's Theatre, and any addition or extension thereof, or any contents therein respectively, and all or any agreements affecting the same, or under which such property or properties can be acquired.

The Opera Comique re-opens on Monday, August 6th, under the direction of Mr. Daniel E. Bandmann, when he will produce his version of "The Strange Story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." About the same time Mr. Mansfield will open at the Lyceum with his Jekyll and Hyde Company.

Even in Italy, which is said by some people to be the land to which the muses have fled, and wherein they hide now from

the cheerless atmosphere of the nineteenth century, abiding the dawn of a better day, the virtues of generosity have not been brought to an uncomfortable perfection, as is shown by the battle now waging between Signor Sozegno, the proprietor of the *Secolo*, and Signor Ricordi, on a question of copyright. The first-named gentleman has, it appears, been publishing cheap editions of the operatic works of Cimarosa, Rossini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, and others, relying on the provisions of the old copyright laws, which limited the period of an author's proprietary rights to thirty years. Meanwhile, however, a new law has been passed, which extends the period to eighty years, and on this ground Signor Ricordi claims rights in several of the works published by Sozegno, and has instituted proceedings against him. Not content with these measures, Ricordi is himself publishing the same works at a still cheaper rate, for as soon as Sozegno announces a work to be published at 25 centimes, Ricordi brings out the same publication at 15 centimes. This suicidal policy has resulted, however, in the publication by Sozegno of the same operas at the ridiculous price of 5 centimes. It is, of course, very sad to think how long the millennium is in coming to the musical world; but for all that, there will not be wanting unregenerate persons to wish that in England they might buy opera-scores for five centimes.

Miss Calhoun will produce in the autumn a new play specially written for her by Mr. R. L. Stevenson and another.

Shakespeare is likely to find a home shortly in more than one London theatre, as it is intended to produce, on a grand scale, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Haymarket, after the run of "Captain Swift," which play is announced for September 1st, when Mr. Charles Brookfield will play the part of Marshall, the butler, and Mr. Fuller Mellish that of Harry Seabrook. Miss Norreys has also been offered a part by Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

An exceptionally attractive programme has been issued for the complimentary *matinée* benefit of Mr. W. W. Kelly, of the Princess's Theatre, on Thursday, August 9th.

Mr. Muller, the American Consul at Frankfort, is a tender-hearted man, who is so unconventional and free from the bonds of red-tape, that even in the columns of his trade reports he wages war against the slaughter of song birds in Germany. He says: "The indiscriminate slaughter of birds is one of the most crying evils of the day. If for no other reason than those dictated by æstheticism these little winged creatures have claims upon human protection. The appeal comes to men from all sides, and is made by birds of all varieties. Our song birds, those which once sang glad songs among the blossoms of spring and built their nest among our trees, delighting our little ones, are gone, or are fast going. It is only a question of time when the meadow lark, which sprang up in our path in the fields, trilling his notes of ravishing sweetness, delighting the ear long after the tired eye had lost power to follow him into the sky, shall share the robin's fate by disappearing from our fields and gardens." Mr. Muller has the full sympathy of the MUSICAL WORLD in his chivalrous crusade.

We record in another column the meeting of the Royal College of Music, at which the princely gift, by Mr. Samson Fox, of £30,000, was discussed and gratefully accepted. Nearly five months ago we commented upon this act of generosity (MUSICAL WORLD, Feb. 4, 1888); and we can add nothing to what we then said. Such noble bounty is best received in silence, since no words can adequately express its value or significance to the cause of art.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the important and

interesting letter from M. Ferdinand Praeger which appears in our columns this week, relative to Wagner's connection with the Philharmonic Society. M. Praeger's intimacy with the great musician and his friends commands the respect of all, and entitles him to speak with absolute authority.

MY DRUMMER.

FROM DAUDET'S "TRENTA ANS DE PARIS."

(Continued).

I attempted to support my argument by describing the *farandole*; it was of no avail. I began vaguely to realise the stern truth, that in order to communicate to others the poetical impressions which the drum and the old simple tunes evoked in my mind, the musician must have brought with him into Paris a hill-top, a patch of blue sky, and a little Provençal atmosphere. "Come now, to work," and without further notice of the drummer the rehearsal proceeded. Buisson did not stir, but remained at his post, convinced of his success, believing in good faith in himself as a part of the play. After the first act, I was seized with remorse for having left him in a distant corner, where his outline was vaguely defined.

"Come, Buisson, get down, now." "Are they ready to sign the contract?" The poor fellow thought an immense stroke of business was about to be solemnised, and showed me a stamped paper prepared beforehand, with true Provençal forethought.

"No, not to day, they will write to you. But look out, *sapristi*! your drum bangs against everything and makes such a noise." I was by this time ashamed of the drum; I dreaded the sound of it being heard; and oh! the joy, the relief, when I put it back into the cab! I did not dare show my face at the theatre for a whole week.

Some time afterwards Buisson came to see me. "Well, what about the contract?"

"The contract? oh to be sure, that contract;—well, Hostein is hesitating—he does not understand—"

"He's an idiot!"

At these words, pronounced in a hard and bitter tone by my gentle musician, the whole extent of my crime flashed upon me. Carried away by my enthusiasm, intoxicated, bewildered, the Provençal drummer regarded himself seriously for a great man, and counted upon securing great triumphs in Paris. Alas! had I not misled him? Was it my task to stop the progress of the drum as it crashed downhill over rocks and through briars on the impulse of imagination? I did not attempt it, it would have been folly, and labour thrown away.

Besides which, Buisson had by this time found other and more distinguished admirers: Félicien David and Théophile Gautier, to whom Mistral had written at the same time as to myself. With their emotional temperament neither the composer nor the poet had found it difficult to create by an effort of the imagination surroundings proper to the rustic music. Gautier, while the fife was trilling, nightingale fashion, saw in his mind's eye the shores of his native Durance, and the crumbling terraces of the Cadenet hills; while the musician allowed his dreams to wander yet farther, and in the monotonous and muffled beat of the drum found I know not how many pleasant reminiscences of rights at the Golden Horn, and of Arab *derboukas*. Both men had been seized with a fancy for Buisson's real though erratic talent. For a fortnight there appeared extravagant puffs; all the papers spoke of the drum; in the illustrated journals portraits were given of the artist, proudly enthroned, victory in his eye, the light flute between his fingers, and the drum slung to his shoulders. Buisson, intoxicated with all this glory, bought papers by the dozen and sent them to his home. He came occasionally to see me, recounting his triumphs; a "punch" at an artist's studio, *soirées* in polite society of the Faubourg Saint-Germain (he made a good mouthful of his "Faubourg de Séint-Germén!"), at which the rascal provoked sighs from the splendid dowagers by repeating his impudent, "It once happened to me as I was sitting listening to the nightingale—"

In the meantime, for fear of growing rusty, of his fingers stiffening, and of his lips losing their pliability, and in spite of the thousand distractions of the artist life, our ingenious friend imagined he was free to rehearse his *aubades* and his *farandoles*

of an evening, in mid-Paris, in his rooms (*au cinquième*) in the *quartier Bréda*. Toot-toot, pang-pang—the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar at these unwonted sounds. Complaints were made, but Buisson continued to dispense harmony and insomnia with a turn of the wrist, and the Concierge, tired of the dispute, ended by refusing to deliver him up the key. Buisson, in his character of artist, brought his case into Court and gained it. The laws of France, severe on musicians, and which condemn hunting-horns to obscurity the whole year round, only permitting them to raise their brazen voices in the open air on Shrove Tuesday, one day in the 365; the laws of France, it seems, had not provided for the drum.

From the date of this victory, Buisson feared nothing. One Sunday morning I received a ticket; he was to perform in the afternoon at a grand concert at the Châtelet. The call of duty and friendship was imperative, so I went to hear him, nor without a presentiment of disaster.

A magnificent house, filled from floor to ceiling; our *réclame* had done its work! Suddenly the curtain rose, amidst intense silence and emotion. For my part I felt horror-stricken at the sight of Buisson all alone in the middle of the vast stage, where 600 ballet girls could have manoeuvred in comfort—Buisson with his drum, in a short coat and gloves, looking like one of those queer insects which Granville represented clawing fantastic instruments. I saw him through my opera-glass waving his long arms as if unfolding his wings; he was evidently playing, the poor wretch, drumming and whistling with all his might. But no sound reached the auditorium, it was wasted in the desert air around the player; it was as if a fireside cricket were to chirp his serenade in the very middle of the Champ de Mars. And no opportunity of drawing attention to the holes, at such a distance, nor of saying: "It once happened," nor of referring to God's own nightingale!

I was crimson with shame, seeing amazement depicted on every face, and hearing murmurs of "What is the meaning of this stupid joke?" The doors of the boxes slammed, the house became gradually empty; but this public was too polite to hiss, and the drummer was allowed to conclude his piece in solitude. I waited behind with the idea of consoling him. But not at all! He believed he had had a grand success, and was more radiant than ever. "I am waiting for Colonne's signature," said he, showing me a paper ornamented with stamps. At this, however, I could no longer be silent. I took my courage in both hands, and gave vent in one outburst to all that was in my mind. "We have all been mistaken in expecting Paris to appreciate the charms of your big drum and the melody of your fife. I was mistaken, Gautier and David were mistaken, and indirectly you were mistaken. No, you are no nightingale."

"It happened to me," interrupted Buisson.

"Yes, it happened to you, I know, but you are not a nightingale. As for the nightingale, he sings everywhere, his song is of all countries, and in all countries his song is understood. You are nothing but a grasshopper, whose shrill, notorious refrain is suited to the olive-trees, the resinous pines, the clear atmosphere, the brilliant sunshine, the rocky hills of Provence, but under this grey sky and in wind and rain an absurd and pitiful grasshopper with long bedraggled wings. Return then to your home, take back your drum, play your *aubades* and *serenades*, make the pretty girls dance the *farandole*, lead in triumphal march the victors of your village games. There you are a poet and an artist, while here you can be looked upon as nothing but a mountebank."

He answered nothing, but in his dreamy gaze, in his mild but obstinate expression, I could read, "You are jealous of me."

Some days after this our hero, proud as an Artaban, came to tell me that Colonne, just such another idiot as Hastein, had not been willing to come to terms, but that there was in view another, a glorious prospect, namely, an engagement to play at a *café concert* at 120 francs a night, already signed. Indeed, he had the contract with him. Aha! the fine document! I learnt its value afterwards. Some unfortunate manager, whirling blindly down the turbid waters towards ruin, but imagined that he might cling to that fragile branch of willow—Buisson's musical efforts. Sure of never being able to pay, he had "signed" unhesitatingly. But Buisson did not see so far ahead, and rejoiced in his stamped paper. Moreover, as a *café concert*

was in question, a costume was essential. "They have dressed me up as an ancient troubadour," said he, with a pleased smile, "but as I am very well proportioned, it is very becoming, you will see." And I did see.

In one of those *café chantants* so much in vogue during the last days of the Empire, with its tinsel decorations and crude colouring, made still more distressing to the eye by flaring gas-jets and chandeliers; its private boxes where great ladies had been known to conceal themselves to witness the contortions and grimaces of some "diva," its sea of heads seen through a mist of smoke, its waiters rushing about, its musical director, calm and dignified, rousing or quieting, with imperious gesture, the storm of a score of brass instruments, between a mawkish ditty, sung by a well favoured but sheepish looking girl, and a cayenne-pepper-ecloque, howled by a red-armed virago, there appeared suddenly, on the platform, in front of the dozen yawning and simpering females in full evening dress, who were awaiting their turn, a figure I shall never forget to my dying day. It was Buisson, the fife in his hand, the drum at his knee, in troubadour guise, as he had called it. But what a troubadour! A parti-coloured jerkin of apple green and blue, tight-fitting pantaloons—one red and the other yellow, a flaunting cap, pointed shoes, and those beautiful long, black moustaches, which he had not persuaded himself to shave, falling over his chin like a waterfall of blacking.

Delighted no doubt by the exquisite taste of this costume, the public received the musician with murmurs of approval, and my troubadour smiled complacently on beholding in front of him the sympathetic audience, and on feeling through his back the burning glances of the fair ladies seated admiringly round. To be sure, matters were different when his performance had begun, the toot-toots and pang-pangs were powerless to charm ears whose delicacy had been betrayed (as the palate may be by alcohol) by the strong flavour of the usual *repertoire* of the establishment. And then this was no aristocratic and forbearing audience like that at the Châtelet. "Enough, enough!" "Turn him out!" "That will do, learned pig." Vain was Buisson's attempt to open his mouth, to say "It once happened to me." Everyone rose from his seat, the curtain had to be dropped, and the motley troubadour disappeared in a storm of hisses, like a poor ruffled parrot caught in a tropical whirlwind.

Would you believe it? Buisson persevered! Illusions grow apace, and take long to uproot from the Provençal brain. For a fortnight he reappeared nightly, always hissed, never paid, until the day came when an official fixed a notice of bankruptcy to the doors.

Then came the downfall and collapse. Our drummer, always believing in his success, always pursuing his chimerical contracts, went from bad to worse, until he reached the lowest depths of the suburban tea-gardens.

One evening, winter being scarcely over, and spring not yet arrived, I was crossing the Champs Elysées. A concert was in full swing and lanterns were being hung to the bare trees in front of a kiosk. A melancholy drizzling rain was falling. I heard a toot-toot, pang-pang—there he was again! I caught sight of him through an opening, drumming a measure of Provence before an audience of half-a-dozen—members of the free list, I should imagine—huddled under their umbrellas. I did not venture nearer; I and my imprudent enthusiasm had been to blame. Poor Buisson! Poor bedraggled wings!

THE END.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The fifth annual general meeting of the corporation of the Royal College of Music was held on the 24th inst., at the College, Kensington-gore. Prince Christian occupied the chair, and amongst those present were the Duke of Westminster, Lord Aberdare, Lord Thring, Lord Tyneham, Sir G. Grove, the Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P., Sir P. C. Owen, Lord C. Bruce, Sir J. Stainer, Sir W. Gilstrap, Sir F. Cort, Mr. Samson Fox, Mr. W. G. Cusins, Mr. C. Morley, the hon. secretary, read the report of the council, which stated that the number of scholars on the books at the end of April was 59, and the

number of paying students 170. The examiners who conducted the fifth annual examination stated in their report that the work done at the college during the past year had on the whole impressed them very favourably, and they expressed their opinion that as an educational establishment the college cannot but have a powerful influence on the condition of musical art in this country. At the commencement of the year the council were enabled to throw open eight scholarships to public competition. The total number of qualified candidates was 243, who were examined at 38 centres; 69 were sent up for final competition at the college. The council had the gratification of reporting that there was every prospect that the inconveniences arising from insufficient accommodation in the college will be shortly removed, Mr. Samson Fox, of Leeds, having offered a munificent gift of £30,000 for a new collegiate building on an appropriate site, to be determined by her Majesty's Commissioners of 1851, who had granted a site for the new building on the South Kensington Estate in Princes Gate. The balance in hand in the revenue account, after deducting liabilities, amounted to £2,483, which showed an increase during the year £469.

The chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and a vote of thanks to Mr. Samson Fox for his munificent gift, congratulated the meeting on the flourishing state of the college. When the new building was erected they hoped to get a great many more pupils. The expenditure would necessarily be increased, and they trusted that the subscriptions would increase to enable them to meet it.

Mr. Mundella, in seconding the motion, said the report was of an encouraging nature from whatever point of view they regarded it. He was sure they would like him to say a word or two in acknowledgment of Mr. Samson Fox's munificent gift. Mr. Fox was a man of the people, who had raised himself to his present position by his great talent as an inventor, and he was now making his offer in order that the nation might enjoy the advantages and the pleasure which he had himself derived from the cultivation of music. And not only were they to have a new and handsome college for the accommodation of 400 students, but they were to be allowed to retain the existing building. The resolution was then put and carried, and on the motion of the Duke of Westminster, seconded by Lord Aberdare, the Council was reappointed, with the exception of Earl Spencer and Mr. Slagg, who had signified their wish to retire, and in whose places Mr. Samson Fox and Mr. Joseph Baring were appointed. Lord Thring moved a vote of thanks to Prince Christian for presiding. Mr. Samson Fox, who was much cheered on rising to second the motion, said from his youth he loved music, and always gravitated where he could find the best music. From his great success in connection with his business he set himself on a certain day to consider in what way he could do some little thing in return, and he determined to do it in the direction of promoting the cultivation of music, because by the cultivation of music the poorest child in the land might give pleasure to thousands and thousands of people. Then, in looking to the working of this college, he found that it had been so well managed that he thought he could not do better than give it such a sum as would enable it steadfastly to continue its work. (Applause.) The motion was passed unanimously, and Prince Christian briefly returned thanks. Miss Marian P. Osborn was then presented with the Hopkinson Gold Medal, awarded to the best performer on the pianoforte at the college; and Miss Margaret Jenkins was called up and congratulated by the chairman on having been awarded the piano offered by Messrs. Brinsmead at the Midsummer Exhibition. The meeting then separated.—*The Daily News*.

WAGNER IN ENGLAND.

(Continued.)

"After the first rehearsal the directors of the Philharmonic were so delighted and full of hope that they insisted upon my performing some of my compositions at the very next concert. I had to yield, and chose the pieces from 'Lohengrin.' The orchestra, which has taken a great liking to me, is very efficient, and possesses great skill and fairly quick intelligence, but it is quite spoilt as regards expression; there is no piano, no

nuance. It was astonished and delighted at my way of doing things. With two further rehearsals I hope to put it tolerably in order. But then this hope and my intercourse with the orchestra are all that attract me here; beyond this, all is indifferent and disgusting to me. The public, however, have distinguished me very much, both in receiving me and even more at the close. Curious to me was the confession of some Mendelssohnians that they had never heard and understood the overture to the 'Hebrides' as well as under my direction."

The first Philharmonic Concert took place on March 12. On the next day the daily papers came out with a perfect shower of abuse, which was echoed in the weeklies, notably in the *Athenaeum*, and continued without abatement during the entire stay of Wagner in London. M. Sainton relates that at the next rehearsal, when Wagner entered the orchestra, not a hand was raised to welcome him, the musicians receiving him with absolute silence. He himself attributes this change of attitude to the influence of the Press, while Wagner discovers in it the influence of Costa, "the real master and despot of the musicians, who can dismiss and appoint them according to his will." Probably both were right. Wagner, although, we have seen, a true and warm-hearted friend, was little conciliatory in his manner to strangers, and the asperities of which Berlioz speaks naturally roused the indignation of those who came in casual contact with them. He was well known to be no admirer of Italian opera, and the Italian faction, with Costa at their head, naturally hated him. What was worse, he had written a very ill-judged pamphlet against the Jews, in which Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer were severely criticised, although by no means vulgarly abused. Meyerbeer's influence in the Press was far-reaching, and Mendelssohn was at the time the idol of the English public. We have been informed on the best authority that Wagner, when he had to conduct a work by Mendelssohn, deliberately and slowly put on a pair of white kid gloves, to indicate the formal, or one may say fashionable, character of the music, and this piece of bad taste naturally roused the ire of Mendelssohn's admirers, in the Press and elsewhere. As is usual in such cases, both sides were to blame. But at the same time it remains a matter for regret that the influence which a man of Wagner's genius and high artistic aims might have had on English music, was thus almost literally "snuffed out by an article." Altogether, Wagner's days in London were amongst the unhappiest of his eventful career, but it is interesting to observe how, even in such circumstances, he was able to forget external troubles over a subject that really laid hold of his mind. The instrumentation of "The Walküre" was for the greater part finished at Portland Terrace, and the masterly exposition of Buddhism as distinguished from the asceticism of Dante's "Divina Commedia," already referred to, is dated from London.

We are assured by Mr. W. G. Cousins, Master of the Queen's music, and for a number of years conductor of the Philharmonic Society, that in spite of the attacks of the Press, the Philharmonic season of 1855 was in a pecuniary sense an extremely successful one. The public were eager to see the man who excited such ire in celestial bosoms, and many of those who came to scoff remained to admire. There were at any rate two very distinguished persons who treated Wagner with a kindness which almost moved him to tears.

"You have probably heard," he writes to Liszt "how charmingly Queen Victoria behaved to me. She attended the eventful concert with Prince Albert, and as they wanted to hear something of mine, I had the 'Tannhäuser' overture repeated, which helped me to a little external *amende*. I really seemed to have pleased the Queen. In a conversation I had with her, by her desire, after the first part of the concert, she was so kind that I was really quite touched. These two were the first people in England who dared to speak in my favour openly and undisguisedly, and if you consider that they had to deal with a political outlaw, charged with high treason and 'wanted' by the police, you will think it natural that I am sincerely grateful to both."

In a letter addressed to M. Sainton, he says:—

"Les vapeurs de Londres s'ayant enfuies finalement, tant de mon corps que de mon esprit, ma première occupation est de ramasser tout le français que je puisse encore trouver dans des

coins de mon pauvre cerveau, où—d'après la doctrine du professeur Praeger—naissent nos facultés linguistiques : car je ne sens vraiment agité et pressé à t'écrire, et à te dire, que je t'aime toujours encore, et qu'un de mes plus doux souvenirs, c'est ta connaissance et ton amitié. Le croieras-tu ?—

"Pourtant je ne veux pas te cacher que ces souvenirs sont accompagnés par des regrets :—je sens que mon amitié t'a beaucoup coûté. Si je pouvais effacer quelque chose de ma conduite passée, ce seraient ces plaintes et témoignages de mécontentement que je t'ai donnés tant de fois à entendre, en récompense de ta meilleure volonté, et, surtout, des chagrins et des désagréments assez affligeants, que tu devais essuyer alors toi-même, à cause de moi. . . . Te voilà maintenant payé comme tu le méritais. Et qu'est ce que tu as gagné en échange de ce que tu as perdu ? Hélas ! un triste don, mon amitié, et le souvenir d'un homme mélancolique, fort souvent insupportable qui mangeais tes dîners et attaquais ta meilleure humeur par son français horrible ! Voilà ta récompense ! Et moi ? ne devrais-je pas être mortifié par l'idée de t'avoir attirée tout cela sans te pouvoir restituer la moindre part de ce que tu as perdu à cause de moi ? Tout ce qui me console un peu, c'est la leçon que tu as reçue, et qui t'aura appris de ne t'occuper jamais, quant à l'art, que des hommes d'une trompe bien différente de la mienne. Mais comme je suis le plus âgé je te donne encore un conseil un peu grec.

Menin aeide Thea Peleidaeo Achilleos.

"Tu me comprendras !

"Eh bien ! Il faut maintenant bien faire bonne mine à mauvais jeu, c'est pour cela que je te prie de demander à Lüders ce que fait Bumpus ? S'il m'en peut donner de bonnes nouvelles, cela me consolera et touchera profondément. J'espère qu'il va bien ? Et la sallade d'homard, et les bouteilles de soda water, qui étaient toujours si affreuses pour vous deux à voir ? Et Charlemagne ?—Il Trovatore, et les amis guerriers d'Alida. . . .

"A la vérité je t'assure que je porte un grand et vif désir d'avoir des nouvelles de votre part, mais bien longues—très longues ! Entends-tu bien ? Ou m'en veux tu à présent puisque tu as appris que ma connaissance t'a porté du malheur ? Je n'y crois pas ; car je sais que tu es—avant tout—excellent garçon, cœur généreux. . . .

"Allons donc ! Gardons notre amitié qui m'est à moi précieux comme un sourire inattendu du destin. Espérons nous revoir un jour pour continuer ce qui n'a que commencé et bravons les canailles. ! !

"Adieu mon très cher Prosper ! Mille saluts à Lüders et à la maison Praeger, mes parents ! Je te remercie encore de tout mon cœur pour tant de bien, dont tu m'as comblé, et suis persuadé de ce que je n'en perdrai jamais le souvenir.

"Ton tout dévoué frère et ami,

"RICHARD WAGNER."

A second letter, addressed to M. Sainton, and also published here for the first time, is dated Bayreuth, 1875. At that time Wagner was in the zenith of his fame, and just preparing a performance of his "Nibelungen-Ring" at the Bayreuth Theatre, erected for him by the liberality of his admirers, and of the King of Bavaria. But he had not forgotten his old London friends, and a letter from M. Sainton, which reached him in the middle of his excitement, immediately elicited the following reply :—

"MON CHER SAINTON,—Tu n'avais pas besoin de me rappeler ton souvenir. J'ai dicté à ma femme ma vie entière ; elle la voulait savoir au fond. Cela est écrit, et sera légué à mon fils, pour le faire paraître après ma mort. Et quoi ? Vous vous figurez de ne pas figurer dans cette vie ? Diable ! No. 8, Hind Street. Et Lüders ? Tout votre histoire à vous deux est déposée dans ce manuscrit, depuis Helsingfors jusqu'à Toulouse (en passant Hambourg). Et puis Londres ?—Charlemagne ? Où as-tu le sens, mon cher ?

"Eh bien ! Rappelle-toi bientôt à ce qu'existe encore un certain chef-d'orchestre de l'ancienne Philharmonie (pensionné ?) à Bayreuth (en Bavière, non Syrie !).

"Prends un beau jour ta chère femme, charge Lüders sur tes épaules, monte un bon cab à l'heure, et arrive à juste temps

à Wahnfried ; à une heure nous dinons (!!) souper à sept heures du soir.

"Et maintenant, trêva aux Lohengrins à Londres ç'a m'a-Costa—mais si tu veux, apporte ton violon avec toi. Les Nibelungen feront les honneurs à vous tons.

"Force de salutations cordiales de la part de ton ancien ami,

"RICHARD WAGNER.

"Bayreuth, 4 Juin, 1875."

Wagner again visited London in 1877, when he conducted some concerts at the Albert Hall, and was received by the public—as was his friend Liszt nine years later—with every sign of enthusiasm. By special command he went to Windsor, and had an audience of the Queen, and it would be interesting to know what reminiscences these two interesting persons exchanged with each other.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—In your extract from the new number of the *Quarterly*, I find that "at a meeting of the directors" . . . (of the Philharmonic Society, convened for the election of a new conductor) . . . "Mr. Sainton . . . rose to his feet and named Wagner," although "he himself had no personal cognisance of Wagner's capacities; neither had any of the other directors; but, as Mr. Sainton remarked, a man who had been so much abused must have something in him. This sentiment was received with acclamation, and it was unanimously resolved that a leap in the dark should be made." On the strength of its being a matter of historical interest, I would venture to supply the key to this otherwise too emotional version of the proceedings of the conscientious directors of the society in question. Mr. Sainton had a dear old friend, Charles Lüders, an excellent musician, albeit of the so-called old school; and I had the good fortune to be intimate with both. To these friends I had suggested Wagner, of whom neither knew even the existence. Myself, I had already, in 1845, foreshadowed the future greatness of Richard Wagner when reviewing the performance of "Rienzi," at Dresden, in the then existing *English Gentleman*: knowing also his remarkable gift as a conductor. When the directors heard that I had proposed to Sainton to name Wagner, I was invited to attend their meeting, where I gave all the information they required. This must have been most satisfactory to them, for I received the voted thanks and enjoyed the honour of a "shake hands all round." The first correspondence concerning this matter was between Wagner and myself, and the master's original letters are now in possession of the Earl of Dysart, the enthusiastic President of the London Wagner Society. These will appear with many others in "Wagner as I Knew Him," which I have written at the request of Lord Dysart, and which will be ultimately published in English, French, and German.—I am, Sir, yours obediently,

FERDINAND PRAEGER.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Can you, or any of your readers, inform me whether the law of copyright extends to foreign music published for the first time in England? I have asked lawyers, who seem undecided, or perhaps do not know, not being versed in this particular branch of law. It is an important point, which many would like to have cleared up.—Yours faithfully,

W. NICHOLSON.

Warter Vicarage, York.

To the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.

DEAR SIR,—While thanking Mr. Harris for the fine performances he has given us this season, I must object to one alteration most strongly. He has entirely destroyed the dramatic effect of the Cathedral scene in "Faust," by giving it before the Soldiers' Chorus, instead of in its true place, after the death of Valentine. My dislike at seeing this great operatic drama so spoilt is my reason for protesting.—Yours truly,

W. W. LINTON.

35, Stanley Gardens, South Hampstead, July 23, 1886.

The Organ World.

THE COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS.

The following are extracts from an article in *Household Words*:-

"The organ has been justly described as the most perfect musical instrument yet made by man; and there is no other which is so closely associated with all the most solemn and important events in the history of men and nations.

"It is of great antiquity, one of the earliest we hear of being in use in Greece about A.D. 300, in which country it appears to have been first invented, though this is not certainly known. The first organ was a curious instrument, having two organists and two blowers, who blew the wind into the instrument literally with their own breath, one resting as the other continued his labours.

"The organ was first introduced into this country in the ninth century, and in the century following, St. Dunstan, who was, like many more churchmen of his day, famous for his skill in metal-work, erected organs in Malmesbury, Abingdon, and several other famous abbeys of England. A curious old sketch is preserved in Trinity College, Cambridge, of an organ and its attendant performers. There are the usual two organists and four blowers; the latter have suspended their labours for some unexplained reason, and the organists are looking out, one on either side, and shaking deprecatory fingers at the delinquents.

"It is worthy of note that England, at the present day, is the very paradise of organists, and our players are acknowledged all over the world as eminent masters of the organ-playing art. To the College of Organists we must attribute much of the supremacy we have obtained in this direction of late years, and a short account of their objects and working may interest many of our readers.

"It was founded in 1863 by Mr. Richard Limpus, the well-known organist of St. Michael's, Cornhill. This gentleman acted as hon. sec. and treasurer until his death in 1875, when Mr. E. H. Turpin, became hon. sec., and still continues to take a large share of the duties connected with the college. Mr. M. E. Wesley, son of Samuel Wesley, the celebrated composer and relative of John and Charles Wesley, is the treasurer. Forty members made up the college number in 1863; six hundred now muster to the roll-call, and their ranks are yearly growing fuller.

"The examinations are the most important features of the college proceedings, and are held in January and July each year. Such has been the growth of this department that for seven candidates who presented themselves at the first examination, over one hundred and sixty came up at the last one that was held.

"The *modus operandi* is unique. Candidates are unknown and unseen by the examiners. They draw numbers, which are used to distinguish all examples of their written, or paper-work, as it is generally called, and they play their organ tests to examiners who are hidden behind curtains or screens. This curious arrangement serves two purposes; it gives less occasion for nervousness to a timid candidate, and it precludes the possibility of favouritism. Twelve examiners share the labour of judging, and the examination consists of two parts—the performance of classical organ music by Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Smart, &c., hymn-tune playing, chant-playing, figured bass, vocal score, reading, harmonising melody at sight, extemporising on a given theme, and theory-work, which includes harmony, thorough bass, counterpoint, fugue, analysis, orchestration, questions in acoustics, organ construction, form, musical history, &c.

"There are two classes of examinations, of varying degrees of difficulty, one for the fellowship (F.C.O.)—this is the highest diploma, and entitles the holder to wear the college hood—and the other for Associateship (A.C.O.), conferring a second-class degree.

"After each examination the examiners meet to compare notes and to confer regarding the bestowal of honours. The names of successful candidates only are revealed, and all candidates, in spite of the amount of work to be

got through, know the result by the first post on the following morning. The day after the College of Organists' examination the diplomas are distributed by the president or some other leading member of the profession. The scheme of the college has been pretty closely followed by the authorities of the American college in connection with the United States Music Teachers' National Association. Nowadays, organists are not considered professionally equipped, whatever distinctions they may claim, until they can place the letters "F.C.O." after their names; and, though not directly a teaching body, the college gives valuable courses of educational lectures, and has a library containing many useful works on church and organ music.

"The institution works in harmony with our other great musical bodies, and its examinations are largely attended by students from the Royal College of Music, the Royal Academy—to which presentations for the Goss Exhibition, founded some years ago, are made by the College Council—Trinity College, and the Guildhall School of Music.

"Nearly all our cathedral and church organists of eminence belong to the college, and many names of importance in continental and colonial musical circles are also to be found among its members. One form of usefulness established by the council is the giving, from time to time, substantial money-prizes to promising young candidates for musical compositions, or essays on the particular branches of the art chiefly followed by organ-players. Lady-organists who attain to special eminence in their profession are comparatively rare; women, who have so successfully entered and succeeded in several professions hitherto exclusively occupied by men, have yet to show what they can do to rival their excellence in this department of musical art; but the college can boast several lady members, some of these ladies holding the diplomas of F.C.O. and A.C.O., it being the very first institution to grant diplomas to ladies. Although the post of organist has for centuries been regarded as pre-eminently a man's position, there is no reason why women should not attain to the same degree of excellence in this as in the pianoforte, violin, harp, and other instruments.

"As an incorporated institution the College of Organists is not a trading or money-making concern; its means are entirely devoted to the cause of art, and, through the council's excellent management and the watchful skill of the treasurer, it not only pays its way, but is a comparatively rich institution, with a good income and a handsome surplus invested for future needs.

"An organists' benevolent fund has recently been formed, which, it is hoped, will in process of time grant pensions and render pecuniary aid to aged organists and their relatives. This charity will not be confined exclusively to the college members.

"The headquarters of the college was for many years at Queen Square; it was then located at its present abode in Great Russell Street, which it has quite outgrown, and is now seeking larger and more commodious premises in which to carry on its wide-extended efforts for the improvement and advancement of our national music."

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' EXAMINATIONS.

The distribution of diplomas gained by the successful candidates at the F.C.O. Examination took place on July 20, the day after the examination. The following is a list of the new Fellows:—H. P. Allen, Chichester; C. M. Bailey, Ripon; C. M. Bill, Swansea; D. Bradfield, St. John's Wood; E. H. Cole, Cardiff; E. A. Cottam, Peterborough; G. D. Dawson, Aberdeen; F. de G. English, Godalming; W. E. Fairclough, Montreal, Canada; F. A. Fisher, Cardiff; G. J. Hall, Beckenham; N. B. Hibbert, Peterborough; W. H. Maxfield, Bowdon; H. B. Osmond, Hackney; F. W. Raper, Barnard Castle; C. T. Reynolds, Oswestry; F. G. Shinn, Brixton; E. H. Smith, Westerham; F. H. Stokes, Kentish Town; and F. B. Wood, Wakefield. The Hon. Secretary explained the regrettable absence of several gentlemen, including Professor C. Villiers Stanford, Mus. Doc., Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, &c. Dr. F. E. Gladstone, it was announced with regret, was too unwell to attend, and Dr. W. B. Gilbert, F.C.O., of New York,

telegraphed his inability to be present. Dr. C. J. Frost distributed in a very kindly manner the diplomas gained. In his address Dr. Frost alluded to his own early examination at the college in graceful terms, Mr. C. E. Stephens, who was present being one of the examiners, and spoke of the growth of the work, which had reached upon the present occasion some 185 candidates. Dr. Frost gave words of kind and judicious encouragement to the unsuccessful, who were to regard themselves as proceeding towards success by their present efforts. Mr. C. E. Stephens gave evidence regarding the growth of the College examinations, and he pointed out the importance of securing diplomas granted by acknowledged systems of examinations in which the high standards had been unflinchingly maintained. Mr. James Higgs gave sensible advice to candidates, urging them to take care to present good work all round, and in every department of the examination, as the only means of attaining reliable success. Mr. James Turpin called attention to the gratifying increase of good work and the corresponding increase in the percentage of passes. The company present included a number of distinguished musical people and lady friends. The A. C. O. Diploma presentation was fixed for July 27th, at 11, Dr. G. Garratt, M.A., of Cambridge, having kindly consented to preside on that occasion.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF GERMANY.

By R. B. DANIELL.

To the musician there can hardly be a more interesting country than Germany. The land which has produced so many musical geniuses must always be dear to us. The mere mention of Germany suggests ideas of great composers, of contrapuntists, theorists, and acousticians, of organists and pianists, Kapellmeisters and conductors, and of grand old organs. Even untravelled men know something of the historical old towns, the natural forests and romantic scenery, the quaintly dressed village people, and the legendary lore of Germany. The Germans may be briefly described as a highly-gifted, persevering, and studious race; and if war and its concomitant grinding taxation could be laid aside for ever, theirs would, I believe, be a country of happiness and prosperity. The land of Copernicus and Kepler, of Schiller and Goëthe, of Handel, Bach, and Beethoven, is, in short, the land of genius and intellect, in which so many of the brightest stars that will for ever illumine the literary and artistic firmament, first appeared. And if the noble array of her poets, musicians, astronomers, philosophers, theologians, historians, chemists, grammarians, and philologists has rendered Germany worthy of the admiration of the world, her tremendous armies, led by military geniuses of the first order, enforce general respect. Nor ought I, who am a professed admirer of that country, to omit to pay my slight tribute of respect to the memory of the truly great and Christian Emperors who have so lately been removed by death: mighty Emperors who are mourned even by their enemies.

If the first real progress in counterpoint and the canon was made by the Netherlands; if favoured Italy, possessed of a Pope's Chapel and the finest choir in the world, encouraged the Netherlands and perfected the chorus *a cappella*; if to her we owe the madrigal and the finest masses without accompaniment, and the beginning of oratorio and opera, and many important instrumental forms; if, thanks to the genius and work of such men as Carrissimi and the elder Scarlatti, great progress was early made in that country; if France deserves our gratitude for her encouragement of opera and the countenance she showed to the immortal Gluck; if we ourselves invented the anthem and glee, and Englishmen early cultivated writing for keyed instruments, and attained a wonderful degree of skill in playing on them, and produced excellent madrigals; if as early as the time of Corelli, we find our Purcell writing beautiful suites and sonatas, and this great genius excelled in all the styles; if, above all, we have fostered Art, and especially Oratorio (the highest of all musical forms), by the countenance we have shown to so many of the greatest composers, who wrote some of their finest works for us, we must not forget that to Germany we owe, in their perfection, the chorale, the Passion music, the oratorio, the romantic opera, the mass with instrumental accompaniments, the majestic organ fugue,

and (if I may include the productions of the great Viennese school) the sonata, the string quartet, and the symphony. Nor ought our obligations to the German organ-builders to be forgotten.

Many years ago I had the good fortune to sojourn for a time in Germany, principally at Stuttgart, and I saw something of German musical arrangements. Of the organs I shall say little, and of the *conservatoires* nothing. A sufficient knowledge of the German organ may be picked out of Dr. Hopkins's work, and of the *conservatoires* I know nothing except from hearsay.

In Germany operas are given in the German language, so that Addison's satire could not be pointed at the audiences of that country. "We," he says in his account of Italian Opera in England, "no longer understand the language of our own stage; insomuch that I have often been afraid, when I have seen our Italian performers chattering in the vehemence of action, that they have been calling us names, and abusing us among themselves; but I hope, since we do put such an entire confidence in them, they will not talk against us before our faces, though they may do it with the same safety as if it were behind our backs." The stage is held in high reputation in Germany, and is regarded as a means of educating the people. It is not uncommon for noblemen to appear on the boards. At Stuttgart the theatre is close to the Royal Palace, with which it is connected by a covered way. About two plays, and perhaps three or four operas were given weekly. Shakespeare's plays were much esteemed. Once a year, during the hot season, the theatre was closed. The orchestra numbered some seventy first-rate instrumentalists. Once (in Jomelli's time) opera at Stuttgart was the best in Europe. The audience are very critical, and I once knew them hiss without mercy a Sarastro who was not quite equal to the part. I have seen them equally demonstrative when pleased. I shall never forget the reception this Sarastro's rendering of the great air, "In diesen heiligen Hallen" met with. The artist had been brought from a very considerable distance, and, poor fellow, his sufferings must have been terrible. It was most painful to see him meekly bowing to the audience. It was my happiness sometimes to visit the opera with the eminent composer, the late H. H. Pierson, who was then living at Stuttgart, and enjoy the critical and very instructive remarks he would make from time to time. Among the operas most in favour at Stuttgart were:—Stumme von Portici (Masaniello), Fidelio, Norma, Nachtwandlerin (Sonnambula), Weisse Dame (Dame Blanche), Don Juan (Don Giovanni), Figaros Hochzeit (Nozze di Figaro), Die Zauberflöte (Magic Flute), Barbier von Sevilla, Freischütz, Puritani, Kreutzer's Nachtlager von Granada, Mehul's Joseph, Gounod's Faust, Mignon, Halevy's Jüdin (La Juive), Nicolai's Merry Wives of Windsor, Lortzing's Czaar und Zimmermann, and Wagner's Fliegende Holländer. The first opera I saw at Stuttgart was the Zauberflöte, which was given on the king's birthday, and honoured by the presence of his Majesty. Beethoven, I believe, considered the Zauberflöte to be Mozart's masterpiece. I say nothing of the libretto; but the music, from the great overture to the end of the opera, is almost supernaturally beautiful. It was written in the last year of Mozart's short life. After studying the score and hearing this opera repeatedly, one asks if, in spite of all the efforts of reformers and much talk about musical æsthetics, any real progress has been made in musical form and instrumentation in opera since the composition of the "dear, old, and yet ever youthful Zauberflöte." Early hours were kept at the theatre, which was, as a rule, closed by half-past nine. The theatre has a *parterre*, or pit, and four galleries. The highest charge for entrance was three shillings (the price of admission to the "strangers' box" which is in the first gallery); fourpence admitted to a side seat in the fourth gallery. A reserved seat in the pit or the second gallery cost two shillings. The concerts, it need hardly be said, were excellent. They were given in the fine room in the Königsbau. A programme of one that I heard on February 20, 1872, lies before me. It was given "for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the members of the Royal Court Chapel and the Royal Court Stage." The concert began at seven and ended at nine. At the end of the bill "honoured visitors who arrive after the concert has begun, are respectfully

requested to delay their entry into the hall until the end of the piece which may be proceeding at the time." Reserved seats on the *parterre* or ground floor cost 3s. 4d. and 2s. 6d., and unreserved seats 1s. 8d. Admission to the gallery cost 1s. 4d. (in the middle) and 1s. (at the sides). The first part of the programme runs as follows—I omit the names of the artists: Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; Concerto for pianoforte (G minor), Mendelssohn; Air from "*Rinaldo*," Handel. For the first time: paraphrase on Hermann the Shrunken's (*Hermannus Contractus*) *Salve Regina* for grand orchestra, Dr. J. Krönlein; four songs from "*Frauenliebe und Leben*," Schumann. The second part was given to Beethoven's Symphony No. 5.

The principal church at Stuttgart is the Stiftskirche. It possesses a fine organ of some seventy stops, by Walcker, of Ludwigsburg, with four manual and two separate pedal organs—a loud and a soft one. There are two pedal-boards, which can be coupled together. The second pedal-board lies a little above the other, and further from the player. There is a 32 feet Bourdon on the great, but it stops at the tenor C key; the remaining twelve notes are produced acoustically. Another feature in this organ is its division into two parts, to allow a window to be seen. The organist sits at a kind of desk, away from the organ. This noble instrument stands in a gallery at the end of the church. It is worthy of remark that continental organs are always placed in galleries. I cannot remember ever seeing one on the floor or packed into that terrible place, an organ-chamber. Strange, and passing strange, that in our own country it should have become the fashion—I had almost said the rage—with "restorers" of churches and organs to abolish the west-end gallery and "bring the organ down." The ecclesiastical and other reasons given for this "improvement" appear to me to be very poor reasons, and they ought not to have been made too much of in a question so seriously affecting church music. The music of the Lutheran churches is truly solemn and devotional. The first music I heard at the Stiftskirche was the well-known tune called "*Hanover*," which was sung, unaccompanied, by the choir alone. But grander yet was the unisonous singing of the chorales by the congregation. It was truly sublime to hear these grand tunes sung slowly by a congregation of many hundreds to the accompaniment of a magnificent organ with a 32 feet pedal, and the effect was enhanced by four trombones in the organ gallery, which occasionally added their lofty voices to the grand mass of sound. The trombones played the four voice parts. I have since heard the service of High Mass in Italy, with all the *déclat* which the choicest music, the richest dresses, the most imposing ceremonies, could confer on it; yet it fell short in effect of the simplicity of the Lutheran worship. "The devotion in which every one took a share, seemed so superior to that which was recited by musicians as a lesson which they had learned by rote, that it gave the Lutheran worship all the advantage of reality over acting." The Lutheran service is very simple. It consists chiefly of prayers, reading of the Scriptures, the sermon, and the singing of chorales. A noble organ voluntarily closes the service; no frivolous, indecorous strains ever emanate from the organ. The preachers are men of noble and intellectual countenance, and they wear the ruff. We should consider their sermons rather long. German, as spoken by them, is not, by any means, a harsh combination of gutturals, but a magnificent, high-sounding language. The chorale is not sung through, as we sing hymns in England, but its course is often interrupted by the prayers, the reading, and the sermon; after which it is resumed. Burney does not seem to have known of these breaks in the chorale singing. He tells us that he attended the service at the cathedral of Bremen, but, growing tired of the monotonous chorale, he left the building during the singing and went to walk in the town. When he returned to the cathedral he found the people singing the same tune. He then left the church a second time, and went to make his arrangements for leaving Bremen; after which his curiosity prompted him to pay another visit to the cathedral, when he "still found them vocally and organically performing the same ditty, whose duration seems to have exceeded that of a Scots psalm in the time of Charles I." Twice every day four musicians with trombones ascend the tower of the Stiftskirche and play a chorale. The gallery in

which they stand is at a great height above the ground, and altogether the effect is very pleasing.

Some interesting features of the German organ are: the general absence of the swell; the large pedal organs; the magnificent appearance of the organs, with their 16, and sometimes 32 feet front pipes of tin. The instruments are favourably situated in their own galleries, and thus have considerable free space within and around them. As the builders are not stinted for room, the pipes are not huddled together. Want of space is a difficulty our own builders only too often meet with. "Doubles" and quints are more frequently found on the manuals of German than of English organs. The *quintaten* is a curious stop. Each pipe gives two notes (the fundamental, of 16 feet, and the twelfth, of 5 1/3 feet tone). The *quintaten* is, indeed, a kind of *bourdon* of very narrow scale, and blown so as to cause the third partial to be heard as well as the prime. There are many other curious stops; such are the *unda maris*, or "Wave of the sea," which is a kind of *voix celeste* and makes perceptible beats, and the *Glockenspiel*. Being prompted once by curiosity to draw a *Glockenspiel* stop, I was surprised to find myself operating on a set of bells. All the flutes are very good. Free reeds are generally used, and the ventil system is often applied.

The Court Chapel at Stuttgart is near the Royal Palace. Their Majesties and their Court worship here and occupy seats on a raised floor of marble. The organ is a two-manual instrument by Walcker. Great performances of sacred music—such as the Passion music and the Messiah—were given in the Stiftskirche, also organ performances.

The German professors are very conscientious and painstaking. They are very careful that their pupils shall obtain a good position of the hand; in practising the five finger and similar exercises pupils are made to lift their fingers a great height from the keys. It costs much trouble to unlearn vicious habits and acquire more correct ones. One day as I was "exercising," the nail of my forefinger rapped on a key, and my master, whose eyes and ears were always very wide open, immediately seized the offending finger and gravely told me the nail was too long, and I must cut it. I did as I was bidden, but at the next lesson the nail again misconducted itself, and I was told, in as few words as possible, "*Die nagel ist zu lang; sie müssen noch schneiden*" (the nail is too long; you must still cut). It was, of course, necessary to obey, and with very great care I managed to pare away a little more of the nail, after which the matter was forgotten. But in a very short time a perfect storm arose through my own folly. I had received the strictest orders to play no music, but give my whole attention to my exercises. One day, during my master's absence, I thought I might venture to disobey my orders, and began to play a piece which was lying on the pianoforte. But I had soon cause to repent of my temerity, for the master—who, it seems, was not very far off—heard me, and ran into the room very seriously angry. He soon found that his scolding was lost on me, and left the room, I was afraid, to bring an instrument of correction. He had gone for his niece, who knew English well, and I received a severe rating—this time in my own language. I really believe the fair interpreter, whom I never saw before or since, was sorry for me and softened down some of her uncle's observations. His severity may appear excessive, but I give these anecdotes to show the extreme strictness of my master, who was really a kind-hearted gentleman, and a very successful teacher.

Zumsteeg's musical library at Stuttgart is an excellent one. It contains many curious and fine works, notably a copy of the "*Messiah*" with Mozart's additional accompaniments, which I think must be as old as Mozart, and the German Handel Society's fine edition of the great master's works. I remember the delight of a fine singer when I made him acquainted with Handel's works. He began to study the solos in "*Samson*," and he could never sing "*How willing my paternal love*," or "*His mighty deeds*," with its rolling coloraturas and the contrasting and truly pathetic second part, "*To sorrows now*," without being deeply moved. In the neighbourhood of Stuttgart were born Schiller, the poet, and Beethoven, the composer. Among the worthies who lived and worked there are Jomelli, Lindpainter, composer of the "*Standard bearer*," and Zumsteeg, the song

writer. Stuttgart is noted for its fine modern pianofortes. Old square pianofortes were let out on hire at a very cheap rate to students. I think the charge for tuning one of these instruments was a shilling.

At Stuttgart, and I believe in Germany generally, the climate is extreme. The heat in summer is very great, and in winter the cold is intense, though very bracing. The town lies in a valley, nearly surrounded by slopes, covered with vineyards, beyond which is forest. The forests afford the most delightful rambles. In winter, when the ground is covered with frozen snow, and the pines gleam like silver in the light of a full moon, a night walk in the forest is magnificent. In the season a true "Nightingale's Chorus" may be heard in the same forests. On the side of Stuttgart which is not surrounded by the forest, and near at hand, is Cannstadt on the "Haunted Neckar." Stuttgart possesses an Art gallery and Museum, one of the largest public libraries in the world; a Royal park, with copies of the finest statuary, and its *Bahnhof*, or station, was said to be the most complete in Europe. The people are very good-natured and kind to the English.

(To be continued.)

RECITAL NEWS.

POTTSVILLE, U.S.—The formal re-opening of Trinity Church, Pottsville, since its extensive decoration, was made the occasion of a musical demonstration, the memorable part of which consisted in an exhibition of a costly and elaborate organ, presented by Mr. F. G. Yuengling. There were addresses of presentation and reception, followed by a prayer of consecration. Three organists of local celebrity, Professors Kellar, Becker, and Sinclair played. The vested choir from the cathedral took part in the choral numbers. The chief numbers of the programme were:—Cantata in D, Dr. Elvey; an Offertoire, by Wely; Anthem, "God came from Temen," by Dr. Steggall; "Send out Thy Light, by Gounod; "O Thou that tellest"—Messiah; and Canon Woodward's "The radiant morn hath passed away." The list of organ music has not come to hand.

The choir of St. Luke's, Brompton Hospital, after evening service, lately, presented to their organist and choir master, Mr. F. Gilbert Webb, a handsomely silver-mounted ebony bâton, with an illuminated address, as a token of their esteem and value of his services, and of their hearty good wishes on the occasion of his marriage, which was celebrated in the Chapel Royal, Savoy.

ALL HALLOWS, LOMBARD STREET, CITY.—Organ recitals given by Mr. F. E. Hillman, on July 18th and 22nd:—Concerto in F (Handel); Adagio cantabile (Gear); "Ex resurrexit," Mass in C (Beethoven); Andante in G minor (Silas); Postlude in E flat (Salaman); March in G (Bonheur); Andante in A flat (Bennett); Andante Grazioso, No. 5 (Smart); "Fac ut Portem" (Rossini); Credo, Mass in B flat (Farmer).

CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS COLE-ABBEY.—On July 17th, 1888, Mr. H. W. Weston, F.C.O., gave a recital. Vocalist, Miss Tunnicliffe. Prelude and Fugue in C minor (Bach); Theme and Variations in G major (Rheinberger); 10th Organ Sonata; Air, "O Lord have mercy" (Pergolesi); Overture in G major, 1696-1755 (Greene); "La Meditation" (Thayer); Air, "O rest in the Lord," "Elijah" (Mendelssohn); Scherzo Symphonique in C major (Guilmant).

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH.—Programme of an Organ Recital given by Mr. G. F. McCleary, A.C.O., at Holy Trinity Church, on July 10: "Marche Religieuse" (Guilmant); Air with Variations and Finale Fugats (Smart); Cantilène Pastorale (Guilmant); Fugue in E minor (J. S. Bach); Intermezzo (Macbeth); "Marche Moderne" (E. H. Lemare).

MORAVIAN CHURCH, BEDFORD.—Programme of Organ Recitals given by Mr. Henry R. Rose, A.R.A.M., Professor in the Royal Academy of Music, Organist of St. Pancras Church, on July 19. Vocalist: Madame Clara Samuel (Mrs. H. R. Rose). Morning Recital: Sonata in F minor, No. 1 (Mendelssohn); Adagio in E major (Gustav Merkel); Prelude and Fugue in A minor (J. S. Bach); Chorale with Variations (Henry Smart); Andante in G minor (E. Cuthbert Nunn); Organ Concerto, No. 6 (Handel); Allegro Cantabile (Widor); Grand Chœur en ré majeur (Guilmant). Evening Recital: Prelude and Fugue in E flat (Bach); Larghetto from Clarinet Quintett (Mozart); Concerto in B flat, No. 2 (Handel); Andante (Henry Smart); Adagio from 3rd Symphony (Mendelssohn); Air (Handel); Pastorale from Organ Sonata (Guilmant); Gavotte in D (J. S. Bach); Allegro Cantabile (Widor); Postlude in C (Henry Smart). Mr. Rose played in a truly masterly manner. The organ was built in 1715 by Gerhard Schmidt, nephew of Bernhard Schmidt, "the father of English Organ-builders." It has undergone an entire rebuild by Messrs Brindley & Foster, of Sheffield, on their improved tubular pneumatic system. The scheme has already been given.

TRINITY CHURCH, S. MARLYBONE.—Organ recitals on behalf of the organ fund. Programme for July 19th:—Offertoire in C (Tours);

Tenor Melody (Smart); Minuetto (G. B. Calkin); Sonata in C minor (Mendelssohn); Prayer (Lemmens); Postlude on "Jerusalem the Golden" (Dr. C. J. Frost); Offertoire in A (Wely). At the organ, Mr. E. F. Barker, A.C.O.

PARISH CHURCH, HIGH WYCOMBE.—Organ recital by Mr. J. G. Wrigley, Mus. Bac., Oxon., F.C.O., on July 23rd. Programme:—Prelude and Fugue in D minor, No. 3 (Mendelssohn); Allegro Cantabile in F minor (Widor); "The Maid of Judah" (Kucken); Marcia Religiosa (Perelli); Menuetto and Allegro in B flat (Handel); Serenade (Gounod); Minuet and Trio (Boccherini); March (Rossini.)

MAIDSTONE.—Services were recently held in St. Paul's, Church, Maidstone, to celebrate the opening of the organ, which has lately been renovated and enlarged. At the conclusion of the services recitals were given on the organ by Mr. Wilson Parish, A.C.O. The programmes were well chosen to bring out all the points in the organ, and were well sustained. The organ is of no great size, having only two manuals; but its quality is exceptionally good, and now that, in accordance with Mr. Willis's wish at the time of its construction, it has been brought well out into the church, it is well heard throughout the building. The action had in the course of 27 years become considerably worn, but has now been entirely replaced by Mr. George Adams, of Brixton, who has added a violoncello stop to the pedal organ. The quickness of repetition of which the pneumatic action is capable, was well illustrated during the two recitals. The rendering at each service of Gounod's anthem, "Sing praises unto the Lord," showed that in his capacity as choirmaster the young organist has profited by his own training as a member of the Westminster Abbey Choir. The following were the programmes:—Afternoon—Fugue in G minor (J. S. Bach); Serenata in E minor (Th. Kullak); No. 1, Four Sketches for the Pedal Piano (R. Schumann); (a), Andante con motto (from Sonata in G); (b), Allegro Moderato (E. Silas); Sonata V (Mendelssohn); March in D (W. T. Best). Evening—Fugue in D minor, commonly called "The Giant Fugue" (J. S. Bach); (a), March upon a theme of Handel; (b), Souvenir (Alex. Guilmant); Sonata II (Mendelssohn); March in C (Lefebure-Wely); Minuet and Trio (Sterndale Bennett); "Hallelujah Chorus" (Handel).

Notes.

The fine church of Saint Siffrein, Carpentras, has just had a new chancel organ, built by Messrs. Merklin and Co. The instrument, an excellent specimen of the builder's art, was opened lately by M. Louis Bonnet, who showed off the various stops to advantage. The recital was interspersed with solos by M. Chauvrenat and others. An interesting little report of some 16 pages has recently been published by Watelet, entitled "The chancel organ in the church of Saint Clotilde, Paris, constructed on the new electro-pneumatic system of Schmoelle and Mols, by Messrs. Merklin and Co." This is the account of the commission appointed to examine the organ, and has been very ably compiled.

In the list of monopolies granted during the time of Charles the First, between 1632-35, occur the following: "One to George Latham, and two others for the sole printing of set songs, etc.; one to a preacher and schoolmaster, William Brathwaite, for the sole right to publish music books; and another to George Sandy's, son of the Archbishop of York, for the exclusive copyright of his translation of the psalter."

A new organ has been placed in Kidlington Parish Church, Oxford. It was built by Henry Willis and Sons, of London. At the opening service last week Canon Paget of Christ Church, Oxford, preached.

A thoughtful author has the following:—"Never is piety more unwise than when she casts beauty out of the church, and by this excommunication forces her fairest sister to become profane. It is the duty of religion, not to eject, but to cherish and seek fellowship with every beautiful exhibition which delights, and every delicate art which embellishes, human life. So, on the other hand, it is the duty of Art not to waste its high capabilities in the imitation of what is trivial, and in the curious adornment of what has only a finite significance. The highest art is always the most religious; and the greatest artist is always a devout man. A scoffing Raphael or Michael Angelo is not conceivable."

COLLEGE OF ORGANISTS' CALENDAR.

Tuesday, July 31st, the Library will be opened from 7 to 8.30. July 31st, Meeting of Committee of Organists' Benevolent Society at 7.30, Council Meeting at 8, to be followed at 8.30 by Annual General Meeting at the College. The reports will be read at this meeting, but owing to the late dates of the examinations the accounts will not be audited in time. The meeting may have to be adjourned as a matter of form. Further arrangements will be duly announced.

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The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1888.

LETTER AND SPIRIT.

At a certain epoch in the life of every Art its professors inheriting from the slowly-developed practice of great masters a highly-polished system of practice, are enabled with comparatively slender efforts, and in a short time, to attain great efficiency of handling. During antecedent periods, those who achieve anything worthy are obliged by sheer talent, force of character, and long-continued thought to hew for themselves, so to speak, the pathway to posterity. The result, therefore, is that the forms of their works proceed from the efforts of the inner necessity to exhibit itself adequately and intelligibly. The form is consequently a truthful emanation from the life within, as much part of the organism as is the skin of an animal, the bark of a tree, or the shell of a nut or a mollusc. But when the later era is reached, there is no longer a necessity for those who practise the art to mould forms for themselves. They find them fully-developed and ready-made on their arrival. Moreover, the development of form perfection having been the goal of the preceding generations of artists, their successors find that this form perfection is valued by the *cognoscenti* of their time as the highest ideal beauty. Thus influenced, on the one hand, by the natural development of the art itself: on the other hand, by the opinions and doctrines which surround them in their days of tutelage, there is little wonder that their first attainment should be a mastery of form manipulation, in so far as it consists of imitation of the full-blown examples legated by their predecessors. Academical shortsightedness, the parent of unfounded fears lest a sight of naked truth should plunge pupils into anarchy and rebellion, induces professors to teach by dogma; and, as always happens after a while, the truth of which the dogma is only a concrete embodiment (for local or temporal convenience) is lost sight of altogether. Then comes a period of dull, empty mediocrity, until at last criticism commences to sting, and public appreciation to wane. Two phenomena then make their appearance, both tending to disintegrate the art: (1.) Some artists, impatient spirits, with, may be, a glow of healthy sincerity about them, rebel against the rules of the schools, set at naught the slowly and painfully elaborated forms of their predecessors, commence *de novo*, and attempt to rear form for themselves. The various freaks resulting from this natural revolt of healthy independent thought, are, of course, the consequence of the different individualities and temperaments of those responsible. Some are the result of noble aims, others of mere wantonness, many merely a cloak for incompetence and ignorance. (2.) Others, proudly conscious of their skill, and not doubting their power to stir the multitude and gain the suffrages of the cultured few by the display of unusual dexterity in the handling of the now copious and plentiful form material, become *Virtuosi*. This tendency leads them inevitably to exaggeration; for, dealing only with the handling of the outward form, they endeavour to outdo each feature already existing, but always with a view to *effect*, and not with a view to *expression*. To a hasty, superficial or unpractised observer, effect and expression are often difficult to distinguish; but to "one who knows" the difference is palpable enough. Expression is the outward manifestation of an inward necessity. Effect is stuck on from the outside, and not only does *not* result from the inner necessity, but in most cases is opposed to and inimical to it. It needs, however, some degree of insight, imagination, and purity of taste; something of the truthful simplicity of the real "gentleman" to detect how much of a work of art is genuine expression, how much mere tinsel and Dutch metal. Not everyone can detect the ass under the lion's skin, or say whether yon rosy cheeks are due to Piesse and Lubin, or to a good digestion and fresh air!

MUSIC IN ARCADIA.

By a late ARCADIAN.

Nobody supposes that the lot of a musical critic is one of entirely unalloyed delight. Even the most innocent outsider, to whom a distinguished critic is a very fearful wild fowl indeed, can understand that forty concerts in a week, though they be composed of Beethoven's or Signor Denza's music, are apt to produce a feeling of something like satiety in the writer whose duty it is to attend them. Indeed, so unhappy is his lot, that when I find time to write my proposed supplement to the *Paradiso*, I intend to add a special circle for musical critics. Every critic who has performed his duties conscientiously will find place there; and his greatest reward for a life-time of concerts will be that he shall there have to listen to no music whatever. There shall be no screaming octogenarian *divas*, and the strains of "Un di si ben," shall not be heard at all; nor shall he ever have to go to *matinées*. No drawing-room music shall be there; and, *oh, ter quaterque beate*, the amateur young lady, the terror that squawketh by night, shall never bid a wildly hypothetical lover

Take thy lips from me, love!

All these things shall be passed away; and I fear me much that those critics for whom the celestial choirs themselves shall be hushed, would not heed even the voice of the garland-weaving Matelda.

But this vision is as yet unrealised, and remains among the things to be awaited. And, meanwhile, the lot of the critic is hard. There are, of course, degrees of hardness; but the hardest lot of all is that of the critic in the provincial town. I do not refer to the larger cities, where the musical standard is, perhaps, as high as in the metropolis, but rather to the average country town. And—with no ulterior views of a subscription on his behalf—I propose to set forth an unvarnished statement of the grievous case of the critic who dwells in the modern Arcadia.

I have been in Arcadia in that capacity, and know something of it. It has often been matter of conjecture with me whether, in the good old days wherein Strephon and Chloe went a-Maying, and Strephon piped unto the damsel on an oaten pipe, there were musical critics. Certainly, there was small need for analytical programmes, because the music to be got out of an oaten pipe is, after all, limited in scope. The conditions, too, have changed a good deal; Arcadia is not what it used to be, the land of unconscious, untrammelled art; and it is hard to think of Dr. Richter, in bucolic raiment, and decked out with daffodils, leading his band upon the village green.

No; the conditions to-day are very different. Let us take the case of any country town, say of 50,000 inhabitants. There will be, perhaps, half-a-dozen newspapers, whose editors are on friendly terms with the leading inhabitants, on whose support they are, to a certain extent, dependent. Each of these papers will have a staff of from two to eight or nine reporters, whose duties embrace, somewhat comprehensively, the writing criticisms of picture galleries, theatres, and concerts, beside the ordinary routine of political meetings, inquests, weddings, and such like cheerful things. Add to these a small knot of musical amateurs; a large number of professors of the same art; a general society composed of two sharply-defined sections—first, extremely respectable people, whose greatest pride is that they never had any connection with trade; and secondly (these forming the mass of the population), the people who are occupied in the necessary, if disgusting, process of earning a livelihood in business of some sort, and you have a rough sketch of the conditions under which a provincial critic has to work.

Let me recount the details of an average musical season in the country, such as I myself have known. Of course this does not correspond with the London season, beginning as it does about October, and continuing till Lent. The first warning one gets of the beginning is a sudden eruption of advertisements, stating, in the usual way, that Mr. Gubbins, R.A.M., has the honour to announce that his Ladies' Philharmonic Society will give a concert on a certain date, when the said damsels, more or less accomplished—generally less—will perform, amongst other things, the overture to "Tannhäuser" and "Silvery Waves," scored for orchestra by the

redoubtable Gubbins. The combination strikes one as a little—well, call it eclectic—and I turn to the back of the programme, where the names of the performers, and their respective instruments, are set forth in much detail. I find that the band consists of four first violins, thirteen seconds, one viola, two 'cellos, one piccolo, two concertinas, one triangle, drum, and piano. Now, this curiously balanced orchestra may, no doubt, cope with the difficulties of "Silvery waves," but, recollecting certain passages for the brass in "Tannhäuser," I am a little doubtful. Moreover, I am very certain that the audience would infinitely prefer the "Virgin's Prayer" to Wagner; but I learn, on inquiry, that the parents of the young ladies like them to go in for High Art; it looks so well on the programme, and then, you know, *anyone* could play the "Virgin's Prayer," but it is not just anyone who can play Wagner; which is very true, and there's the rub. Picture it, Dr. Richter, the wind in "Tannhäuser" represented by two concertinas and a piccolo! How it is to be done I do not know, though I think the piccolo plays as much of the first violin music as possible, and the concertinas come in where they can in the piano score.

Here, then, is trouble at starting. I have not only got to attend that concert, which is in itself bad enough, but I have to write a criticism on it. The conductor is a personal friend of mine; I know many of the performers; and, above all, the concert has been well advertised in my paper, so that my chief says, on the night before the concert, "We must give Mr. Gubbins a good notice"—meaning, to be candid, a puff proportional to the value of his advertisement. Therefore, if I tell the truth, and condemn the performance as a piece of hideous vulgarity, I shall have to face the wrath of my friend the conductor; the scorn of all the ladies in the orchestra, and their relations, who are many; besides incurring my chief's censure for offending a man who advertises largely. Further, I have the assured knowledge that my fellow critics will not view the matter in the same light; but will, on the contrary, write of the performance in enthusiastic terms. By what evasions and circumlocutions am I to satisfy my conscience and the conductor?

(To be continued.)

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

A very large audience, including a large sprinkling of English and American pilgrims, assembled in the Wagner Theatre, at Bayreuth, on Sunday last to witness the opening performance of "Parsifal." No little interest attached to the appearance of Mme. Wagner for the first time in public since her husband's death. Beyond the bare facts contained in the telegram from our Bayreuth correspondent, we have no room for further details this week, and must hold over a fuller account till a subsequent number.

THE "ELIJAH" AT BOLOGNA.

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

On the evening of the 2nd of July an audience of over two thousand persons assembled in the Exhibition Concert-room to listen to that masterpiece of Mendelssohn's that, during the last forty-two years, has become one of the most popular of oratorios in our oratorio-loving land. Strange is it, indeed, to read the comments on "Elia" in the different Italian journals; one critic, in a preliminary explanatory article, concludes by striving to reassure "those who fear the grave austerity and monotony proper to religious concerts, that the music of oratorios in kind is dramatic, 'Elia' specially so, containing many passages of grand and imposing effect." By another the *libretto* is examined, and the unlucky translator is told he has, perhaps, realised the ideal of the *libretto nobile*, with his rhymes in *er, ognor* and *furor*, and after having thus called poor Pinelli over the coals, coolly adds "that a translation of such a book does not leave much margin to do better," states that Mendelssohn had not a very dramatic temperament, agrees with Grove and Placci that all he had he introduced into "Elia," and then adds that, when writing it, he was in a very bad, nervous state, death was approaching him, though still young, and that his alarms, anticipations, presentiments,

and terror have left no slight traces in "Elia!" Without discussing this gentleman's opinion, we proceed to the result of the performance of "Elijah," taking note previously of the influences antagonistic to a good rendering of it. Unlike the splendid concert-room erected in 1884 for the Turin Exhibition, the acoustic properties of the one at Bologna are terribly defective; the first soprano was indisposed, so was the tenor; the chorus numbered but 150 voices. Spite of all these drawbacks, however, the success was undeniable, the applause enthusiastic after the prelude, the chorus of the priests of Baal, the splendid declamations of Elijah (Sigillich), and the imposing *finale* of the first part, as well as the double quartet, and the contralto air most admirably given by Signor Bernstein. Signorina Ricetti was most successful in "Hear ye, Israel." The bass solo, the trio, and the tenor's final air were rapturously received, the latter more especially at the second performance, when Signor Signoretti was in better voice, and could give the full expression needed. Signori Sautoli, Nepoti, and Daltume must have worked hard to train the chorus, so unused to that style of music, as well as they did; the uncertainty of attack, and deficiency of light and shade observable the first night, were corrected by the second. The indefatigable conductor, Martucci, the orchestra, and chorus received ovations at the end of each part. Notwithstanding all this, say the critics, "Elijah," when given *entire*, cannot fail in Italy to produce a sense of fatigue caused by the uniformity of character running through the music. It may be so, but this idea, in our opinion, arises from the fact that the Italians have not the habit of lending long-sustained attention to any music. Concerts, if exceeding an hour and a-half, are voted too long, and as great and small operatic and dramatic companies are supported by subscriptions, it is a great temptation to managers to give any opera or piece that is well received many nights running. Hence, the subscribers weary of them, fall into conversation, preserving silence only for favourite airs and scenes. For instance, last season at the Regio at Turin, "Otello" was given the whole season, with very few exceptions, though the manager is bound by contract to produce four or more operas, and the Mayor and Corporation have brought an action against Signor Borioli in consequence. With regard, however, to "Elijah," we feel convinced that were it but heard more frequently it would make its way into all hearts. Much difficulty arises from the fact that throughout this so-called land of song private choral societies do not exist, and when we assert that in England choral societies study Handel's, Haydn's, and Mendelssohn's music, we are listened to incredulously. Whilst writing this we have come across two strange coincidences. In 1688, an oratorio called "Elijah," composed by Domenico Gabrielli, was produced with success at Bologna, as well as "Job," by Pirro Albergati, and "Joshua," by Bononcini. In 1788 Gluck's "Alceste" was performed at the Casino Nobile, near the Piazza S. Stefano, Bologna, and this year, in September, it is to be represented there at the Teatro Comunale. We have been much interested in Sir Herbert Oakley's appreciative description of Bologna in a London musical journal, but we can assure him Bologna, *la dotta*, does not stand alone in its study of classical music. Unfortunately, in 1884, the cholera prevented foreign visitors from coming to the Turin Exhibition, else they would have enjoyed the exquisite concerts given by the orchestras of Rome, Naples, Milan, Bologna, Parma, and Turin. The only reproach made was that, for Italian orchestras, they played too little Italian music. We shall never forget the exceeding sweetness of the horns in the Waldweben, from "Siegfried," nor the perfect intonation and execution of each performer in the numerous masterpieces executed by the Neapolitan orchestra, under Martucci. Equally remarkable was the beauty of tone of the violoncellos and double basses of the Bolognese orchestra, under Mancinelli, admirably displayed in the overture to Tannhäuser, &c. The Maestro Faccio conducted alternately the Milanese and Turinese orchestras, for Cav. Pedrotti, the conductor of the latter, had already been called to the direction of the Conservatorie of Pesaro. In all the programmes of the Turin popular concerts for years before, as well as the Exhibition concerts in 1844, were to be found the names of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Schubert,

Schumann, Brahms, Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, Delibes, Bizet, Massenet—a tolerably wide range.

Before closing our *chiaccherata* we must not forget to mention that the ever-green Sivori delighted the audiences of the Bologna concerts with the strains of his magnificent Guarnerius, playing the most intricate passages or simple melodies, as in Viotti's concerts, with the same pure intonation, delicacy of touch, fullness of tone, and vigour as of old. Wonderful pupil of Paganini! He must be nearing the "three-score years and ten," and can still enchant as of yore.

E. M. STEWART.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

"*Finis coronat opus*." A performance of the "Huguenots" on Saturday night brought to its close a season, which, whether viewed from an artistic, financial, or social standpoint, has been a complete success. To Mr. Harris belongs the honour of having rescued Italian opera from an apparently hopeless fate. It is true that he has given us no novelties, but we have had excellent, and in some cases—notably those of "Lohengrin" and "William Tell"—brilliant performances of works, which, though no longer in their first youth, have yet that perennial freshness which is the attribute of all really great art. Competent, and much more than competent artists; a wonderful chorus, splendid *mise-en-scène*, and, above all, an intelligent and artistic direction, have been distinguishing features of Mr. Harris's management; and on Saturday evening, a house packed from floor to ceiling showed in the most unmistakable manner its appreciation of the good work done. When all have proved so worthy it seems invidious to particularise, but exception should be made in the cases of MM. Jean and Edward de Reszke and Lassalle, whose noble voices, dramatic ability, and impressive presence have placed them first amongst equals. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact, almost unprecedented in operatic annals, that the chief honours of the season have been carried off by male artists, another sign that the prima donna's despotic reign is well nigh over. On the performance of Saturday it is not necessary to dwell at length, for in no case was the high level which has been maintained during the season departed from. Thanks are due to Signor Mancinelli for his encouragement of the welcome new departure—the abolition of the "encore nuisance."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OPERATIC CLASS.

The Royal Academy, stimulated perhaps by the example of the Royal College of Music, recently gave an "operatic class" performance on the platform of their own concert-room, with appropriate costumes and scenic accessories on a modest scale provided for the occasion. It is gratifying to state that this trial performance proved on the whole a distinct success, notably as far as the dramatic capabilities of the young ladies are concerned, such ease of demeanour and acting as shown especially by Miss Julia Milde and Miss Johnstone being rarely attained without long stage practice. This is still more remarkable when the difficulties of the selection, which consisted of the whole of the second act of Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," the famous trio for female voices, from Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto," and three scenes from Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," are taken into consideration. With regard to the singing, Miss Johnstone was somewhat overweighted as Senta, whilst her appearance realised that lovely creation to perfection. Miss Johnstone did better in the lighter music allotted to Meyerbeer's Catherine, in which rôle, in another scene, Miss Julia Milde shone even to greater advantage by reason of a clear voice and clever vocalisation no less than by appropriate acting, added to uncommon personal attractions. This young lady should have a successful artistic career before her. This last remark applies likewise most emphatically to Mr. David Hughes, who, as the Czar Peter, exhibited a bass voice of rare beauty and power, which he uses without the slightest effort, with perfect purity of intonation and considerable skill, to such admirable effect that his *gaucherie* as an actor could be readily forgiven, the young men in general at this class being—unlike the ladies, gifted with

natural animation and grace—worse actors than singers. Mr. Henry Heyes is entitled to considerable commendation as a voice of pleasing quality and excellent expression in the arduous part of the Dutchman, and a word of praise is due to the sprightly acting and fencing (with "real swords," producing an almost uncomfortably realistic impression so soon after a recent Parisian event) of Miss Isabelle Davies and Miss Gertrude Findon (who also took part in the "Matrimonio"), as the two pretty vivandières in Meyerbeer's famous tent scene. Of the other soloists, Mrs. Stephenson, the Misses Bernstein, Jeannie Mills, M.M. Collwyn Thomas, Evan Jones (tenors), and Moore (bass), who did more or less well, bare mention must, for want of space, suffice. We should not omit to add, however, that the "Spinning chorus" in Wagner's work was given with great precision, freshness, and variety of expression by about thirty female voices, and that considerable credit is due to the musical conductor, Signor Ettore Fiori; the dramatic director, Signor Gustav Garcia, and the pianoforte accompanist, Mr. Stanley Hawley, for the successful result of this promising experiment, at which Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, Principal of the Royal Academy, was present.

At the Students' Orchestral Concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday, numerous excellent and interesting features demand notice. Special mention must be made of Miss Dora Bright's pianoforte Concerto in A minor (M.S.). It displays a creative faculty altogether out of the common, and is full of bright original fancy, and melodious inspiration of a high order. The second subject of the first movement and the succeeding "Intermezzo" are worthy of almost any living composer. The sparkling Finale is unfortunately rather too short—a fault on the right side, however—and would probably be improved by the interpolation of a sostenuto subject. The orchestral colouring is exquisite throughout. The work was capitally rendered by the gifted composer (a pupil of Mr. E. Prout), who, together with some other lady composers, is destined apparently to negative the generally accepted belief that the female mind is destitute of creative power in music. The other instrumental performances included the andante and rondo for flute, from B. Molique's old-fashioned and sleep compelling concerto in D (op. 69), played neatly and (especially in the cantabile passages) with a fine tone, by Mr. F. W. Griffiths, pupil of Mr. A. P. Vivian; Schumann's beautiful "Concertstück," op. 92, for pianoforte, given with a crisp touch and excellent technique, by Miss Webb, pupil of Mr. Westlake; the first movement of Beethoven's magnificent violin concerto, well, though rather coldly played by Mr. Gerard Waleon (teacher, M. Sainton), and the first movement from Beethoven's piano concerto in C minor, and Liszt's brilliant concerto in E flat, capitally executed by Messrs. Frank Howgrave and Edgar Hulland respectively. The vocal selections included Mendelssohn's somewhat conventional motett, "O Lord, thou hast searched me out," sung with fairly good intonation by female quartet and choir.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The orchestral concert (the last of the term) given here on Monday evening, placed a handsome feather in the College cap, already decorated with a goodly bunch; and raised still higher one's estimation of Dr. Stanford as a conductor. As usual, an excellent programme had been selected:—

- | | |
|---|--------------|
| Overture to "Egmont" | Beethoven |
| Duet, "What have I to do with thee?" (Elijah) | Mendelssohn. |
| Emily Davies and Adams Owen (E). | |
| Introduction to Third Act, and Dance of | |
| Apprentices (Meistersinger) | Wagner. |
| Concert-stück in G (op. 92) | Schumann. |
| Marian Osborn (S). | |
| Aria, "Nobil Signor" (Gli Ugonotti) | Meyerbeer. |
| Emily Himing (E). | |
| Symphony in C major (March, 1828) | Schubert. |

The nervous energy and rugged force of Beethoven's mighty work, the sublimity of which seems to grow rather than diminish by repeated hearing, were realised in a way that suggested entire sympathy with the poetic basis of the work: praise it is not

always possible to award even when professional orchestras are concerned. More remarkable still was the rendering of Wagner's melodious and richly-coloured extract. The excerpt is, we think, too long, more than one anti-climax being noticeable; but its beauty and the intelligence shown by the performers, who phrased and shaded in a manner, for students, little short of wonderful, prevented any feeling of weariness. Miss Osborn was, as usual, sympathetic and refined, and Miss Himing made a distinct step in advance by her finished delivery of the page's air. Schubert's glorious Symphony in C brought the concert to an exhilarating conclusion.

Concerts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Herr Constantin Schwarz gave his second and last Zither recital at Steinway Hall on Saturday. We have before (MUSICAL WORLD, June 2) had to notice this gentleman's remarkable playing on an instrument generally considered childish, and can fully endorse all we then said, his playing of "La Fontaine," by Umlauf, and his own "Kit Kat Polka" being especially good. He also joined Herr Schuberth in Messner's "Nocturne in D Major," and accompanied several of the songs very effectively. Mr. Arthur Lancelot was successful with Kjerulf's "Last Night," and Faure's "Alleluja d'amour," and Mrs. Alexander Warden appeared to advantage in Gounod's "The Worker," and "Fior di siepe," by De Nevers. Herr Schuberth was not in his best form, and Madame Danisi was too nervous to do herself justice—a basket of roses ordered by some admirer, hurriedly offered by one of the attendants at the wrong time, as hurriedly withdrawn, and at the next attempt too late altogether, not improving her in this respect; rarely has a "floral tribute" appeared more ludicrous or more uncalled for. Mr. De Nevers was an efficient and artistic accompanist.

Mr. Emanuel Nelson's concert took place at Princes' Hall on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Nelson's long experience as a concert manager naturally made us expect something better than is usual at these late concerts, and when we say that Mdme. Liebhart, Mdme. Thea Sanderini, Mdme. Leila Dufour, Miss Adele Myers, Signori Ria, Gannini, Abramoff, and Monari-Rocca, Mr. Isidore de Lara, and Mr. Frederick King, Signor Tito Mattei (pianoforte), Mdme. Anna Long (violin), Mdme. Schulz (Hungarian cimbaló), and Signor Bottesini (contra bass) sang and played in their best style, that Miss Louise Lyons and Mdme. A. M. Ditt recited, that Signori Bisaccia, Ducci, Denza and Romili; that the concert giver himself rendered efficient and artistic aid as accompanist, and that the programme was compiled to suit all tastes, we need hardly add that the applause given was well deserved, and that Mr. Nelson is to be congratulated on an altogether highly successful concert.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bodda (the latter well-known in musical circles as Miss Louisa Pyne) held a pupils' concert on Friday evening, 20th July, at their residence, 85 and 87 Cambridge Gardens, Notting hill. As usual upon such occasions, the audience mostly consisted of the immediate friends and relations of the young aspirants to future fame, and it goes without saying that they were thoroughly in accord in their sympathies with one another. Yet the manner in which things were done must have given great satisfaction even to a casual visitor. The programme, consisting entirely of vocal items, was gone through in a most admirable manner, and clearly showed the result of sound and thorough tuition. Miss Alice Lamb, one of the students, who has finished the course of instruction at the Academy of Mr. Bodda, has already had some successes on the concert platform. The young lady has a firm contralto voice of considerable register, and will, no doubt, soon be heard in public. Miss Ada Battinson, a soprano, sang and played her part charmingly in Offenbach's operette "Lisichen and Fritzchen," the rôle of Fritzchen being creditably sustained by Miss Madeleine Galton. Mr. and Mrs. Bodda were highly complimented at the end of the entertainment, which may be counted amongst the most enjoyable pupils' concerts this season.

Signor Bottesini gave a concert on Monday at St. James's Hall. Frequent as have been the opportunities of hearing him, this artist's extraordinary virtuosity on the double bass excites fresh wonder at each performance, no less by its refined expression than by its marvellous technique. Although it may in one sense be an object of regret that Signor Bottesini did not direct his exceptional gifts to a more melodious instrument, yet even the double bass acquires in his hands an attraction of its own by the frequent use of the limpid, bell-like harmonics so effectively contrasted with the sonorous tones of the lower strings. But the "timbre" of the middle notes must certainly remain unsympathetic. It is certain, however, that as a composer of admirable concertos and smaller pieces full of originality and charm, Signor Bottesini has not been appraised at his full value. Many of them should be transferred to the violoncello; for who is to play them besides Signor Bottesini, except perhaps Herr Blasius Fischer, who seems to have astonished Viennese audiences with his "Faust" fantasia after Sarasate last season? At the concert under notice Signor Bottesini gave as his solos, besides the inevitable "Carnaval de Venise," a delicious "Gavotte" and "Rondo de Concert," both for the first time, and a brilliant duo for violin and contrabasso from his own pen, with that delightful and too seldom heard artist, Signor Guido Papini, who also achieved a remarkable success with some *morceaux*, "Nuit étoilée" (romance) and "Capriccio alla calabresi" of his own. Signor Tito Mattei played his clever valse, "Vesuvio," with considerable effect. The vocalists included the familiar names of Miss Annie Marriott, Madame Antoinette Sterling, M.M. Sims Reeves, Ria, Maybrick, Frederic King, and Abramoff, of whom bare mention will suffice. A special word of recognition should, however, be given to the sympathetic rendering by Madame Sandon of the devotional air, "Deliver me," from the concert-giver's cantata, "Garden of Olivet," and to Madame Fanny Rubini-Scalisi's dramatically expressive delivery of an aria by Boito. M.M. W. Ganz, Romili, Denza, Tito Mattei, and Sidney Naylor did excellent work as accompanists. Numerous recalls and the seemingly irrepressible *ercores* testified to the gratification of a large audience.

The summer concerts on Hastings Pier, which have for long been not the least powerful attractions of that charming town, have commenced again, under the direction of Mr. O. H. R. Marriott. The first was held on Monday last, when Mdme. Florence Winn and Mr. Donnell Balfé were the vocalists. Mdme. Winn sang Marriott's "Rest," Sullivan's "Lost Chord," and Löhr's "Needles and Pins," while Mr. Balfé's contributions were Chesham's "The Longshoreman," and Bonheur's "The King's Own." The orchestral performances included Flotow's Overture to "Stradella," and the popular "Boulanger" March, and Mr. Val Marriott gave an excellent violin solo.

A concert was given by the South-Eastern section of the National Society of Professional Musicians, on Saturday last, at Burlington Hall, under the direction of Mr. Alfred Gilbert, who is the hon. secretary of this excellent society. Dr. C. J. Frost's anthem, "Come ye thankful people, come," a solidly written, but by no means dry, work, opened the concert, the soli being effectively sung by Mr. H. J. Bromley and Mr. H. C. Thomas. Miss L. M. Kerr played two pianoforte pieces of her own composition: "Murmures Harmonieux" and "Chant de Guerre," which, although somewhat conventional, have a good deal of grace and prettiness. The duet by C. Lawrence, "A Lover's Offering," sung by Miss A. Lawrence and Miss Ada Stephenson, exhibited much refinement of style and genuine romantic feeling. The two pianoforte compositions by Mr. George Hooper, played by himself, were charming pieces of writing in a Henseltian vein, although the melody of the first was rather spoilt by the cheap *arpeggi* added. The "Toccata," however, contained some vigorous contrapuntal writing. A thoroughly artistic work was the "Duo Brillante in E," for pianoforte, by Mr. C. E. Stephens, played by the composer and Miss Isabella Stuart Smyth. This is a sunny and brilliant work of the Hummel school, and not the least of its merits is that it is distinctly pianoforte music, the

passages being thought out for the instrument, whereas the modern practice is to use the piano chiefly in imitation of other instruments.

Miss Frances Allitsen, favourably known as a composer of much merit, gave a concert last week at the residence of Mrs. Binnie Smith, Maida Vale. It was perhaps the difficulty of arranging for the performance of orchestral music so late in the season which compelled Miss Allitsen to appear on this occasion as a song writer only, but in the songs presented was ample evidence of the lady's ability. To speak in detail of all the items in a lengthy programme would be impossible, and we must be content with mentioning a few of the most interesting. The first song from Miss Allitsen's pen was "An Old English Love Song," sung excellently by Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who also won the first encore of the evening in "My Lady Sleeps;" Miss Hilda Wilson was heard to much advantage in the same composer's "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and Miss Eugenie Kemble's rich voice was well displayed in "Unto thy Heart," a very effective song, the violin obbligato to which was played by Herr Waldemar Meyer. Mr. William Nicholl gave admirable interpretations of the concert-giver's "There be none of Beauty's Daughters," and "Mary Hamilton," for the last-named receiving a deserved encore, to which he responded with a charming American ballad, "Marguerite." All these compositions are marked by great refinement of feeling and style, to which is added much musicianly knowledge—qualities which entitle Miss Allitsen to no low rank amongst English composers. Another interesting feature of the concert was the introduction of three songs by Miss Mary Carmichael, "Love's Wishes," "The Milkmaid" (sung by Mr. Nicholl), and "The King of Denmark's Ride," given in a very spirited way by Mr. Thorndike. Of these songs we spoke warmly on their first hearing, and find nothing to retract. Besides the artists already mentioned, assistance of much value was given by Mdme. De Fonblanque-Campbell, Mr. Arthur Oswald (who was in capital voice), Herr Waldemar Meyer, who played in his best style, and Miss Madalena Cronin. Miss Allitsen and Miss Carmichael were admirable accompanists.

Miss Marie de Grey gave a most interesting concert at the Banqueting Room, St. James's Hall, last week, when a large and fashionable audience assembled, attracted by the concert-giver's well-known qualities as a dramatic artist, and by a programme of varied and sustained interest. Miss de Grey scored her greatest success in "My Debut," which given with the utmost piquancy and subtle humour, and received with the most genuine applause. It is certainly a pity that Miss de Grey is not heard oftener, for there are few ladies who possess equal attractions, artistic or personal. The musical part of the programme was supplied by, amongst others, Miss Annie Schuberth, who gave Matteo's "Dear Heart" with much charm of voice and purity of style; by Mdme. Marie de Lido, who sang her favourite cavatina from Bizet's "I Pescatori" in her most attractive style; by Mdme. Liebhart, Miss Rosa Leo, Miss Lucille Saunders, who was most successful in Laurence Kellie's "An Autumn Story"; by Herr Meyer, Mr. Templer Saxe, and Mr. Franklin Clive, who all shared in the honours of an exceedingly pleasant concert.

Mr. Templer Saxe, a young singer of great talent and promise, gave a *matinée* at Messrs. Collard's Rooms on Monday last, when a programme of considerable interest was gone through. The concert-giver's excellent voice and legitimate style were well shown in Schumann's "Ich grolle Nicht," and a charming new song by Otto Cantor, "Ere sleep shall close thine eyes," and in the duet, given with Miss Lucille Saunders, from "La Favorita." Amongst the other artists who assisted, and assisted ably, were the Countess de Bremond, Mdme. Noéme Lorenzi, Mr. George Power, and M. Johannès Wolff, the new violin *virtuoso*. Signor Tito Mattei played one of his brilliant vales, to which a few ladies decorously tried to listen, while others (no doubt the composer's dearest friends) evidently thought the pianist performed for the sole purpose of providing shelter for conversation. When Signor Mattei had finished his brilliant performance, the fair prattlers, who had not finished their chat, encored the piece.

PROVINCIAL.

BIRMINGHAM, July 23.—Summer weather and musical entertainments have been conspicuous by their absence, and the last two months have passed without a gleam of sunshine, and without any musical events of any note. There is, however, a rent visible in the clouds, and the monotony of daily life will be, this week, somewhat relieved by the appearance of a Russian National Opera Company, who will give Rubinstein's "Demon," and Glinka's "Life for the Czar," in the Russian language, with original Russian, Caucasian, and Tartar costumes, scenery, properties, and effects. Three nationalities will be represented during the week's operas. The principal conductor is an Italian, long resident in Russia, named Josip Truffi. The principal artists and chorus are Russians, and the band genuine Britons, and, what is more, Birmingham-bred musicians. The enterprising proprietor and manager of the New Grand Theatre, Mr. A. Melville, always on the look out for something new and startling, has arranged with the administrators of the Russian Opera Company for a week's representations at his theatre, the largest and most comfortable in Birmingham. The approaching Triennial Musical Festival is the all-absorbing theme in musical circles. There is, however, little excitement about it, and even the most sanguine hardly expect that the financial results will reach former records; on the other hand, the performances are likely to be, in every respect, worthy of a Birmingham Festival. The choral rehearsals are carried on thrice a week with vigour and enthusiasm, and will be continued until the time for the Festival approaches. On account of the length of Dr. Parry's oratorio, "Judith," Sullivan's "Golden Legend" will be given on Wednesday night, and Wednesday morning will be given up to Dr. Parry's work, and in addition to this, Franz's "Psalm," Haydn's "Symphony in D" (Salomon's set) will find a place in Wednesday morning's programme. I regret to say that Dr. Mackenzie's "Cottar's Saturday Night" will be omitted in consequence. No doubt Friday morning will attract the largest house, when Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," Berlioz's "Messe des Morts," and Bach's "Magnificat" will be produced.

GLASGOW.—**DR. SPARK'S EXHIBITION RECITALS.**—To allow the recitals given during the week by Dr. Spark to pass without special words of praise would be to lay ourselves open to the accusation of

being inappreciative. That the performances of the well-known Leeds organist have been masterly goes without saying; the fact, indeed, must even have impressed itself upon the minds of the large mass of mere holiday-makers who have mainly formed the audiences of the week. But to the enjoyment derivable from excellence of execution was added the educational value of a series of programmes framed upon a well-defined plan, intended to illustrate the methods of certain composers, and the characteristics of different schools. Thus, while some of the acknowledged masterpieces of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn were drawn upon as a matter of course, there were added selections from the works of representative French, Italian, and English composers. The excerpts from the programme of the Handel Festival did not, it is true, illustrate organ music proper, but they constituted highly exhilarating concerts reproducing *in petto* the grand effects recently attained at Sydenham. But in the Lefebvre-Wely recital, and in that devoted to the music of famous French organists, Dr. Spark fulfilled admirably the requirements of the concisely comprehensive scheme submitted. Italy has not been richly productive of composers for the organ, but Italian music is represented by some beautiful pieces by Rossini and Bellini. Having to "make both ends meet," the Exhibition Executive have perhaps been wise, in this democratic age, in making concessions to the popular taste; but it remains a fact, for which the few are thankful, that amid much in the musical arrangements that has savoured of mere routine, and of vulgar sensationalism, Dr. Spark's recitals stand out in sharp contrast, and have served to impart to the concerts an artistic flavour hitherto but faintly perceptible.

JERSEY.—Three successful concerts were given in the Royal Hall, Peter-street, on the 23rd, 24th, and 26th ult., by a London concert party comprising Miss Adelaide Mullen, Miss Mary Willis, Mr. Henry Beaumont, and Mr. Frank May, assisted by Mr. Julius Arscott (conductor of the Jersey Choral Society) as solo pianist, and Mr. J. Lucotte as solo violinist. An interesting miscellaneous programme was given with much satisfaction, but the chief feature was the production of Balfe's operetta, "The Sleeping Queen," on the first two evenings. Miss Mullen and Mr. Beaumont represented the Queen and her lover Philippe, and renewed the highly favourable impression they created here some time since, Miss Mullen singing with refinement and Mr. Beaumont's experience with the Carl Rosa Company serving him to good purpose. Miss Mary Willis was a very piquant and graceful Agnes, her artistic rendering of the charming air "Twas only a ribbon," being heartily encored, and Mr. Frank May won the favour of the audience by his humorous impersonation of the Old Regent. On the third evening, the last act of "Trovatore" took the place of the operetta, Miss Mullen taking the part of Leonora, Miss Mary Willis that of Azucena; Mr. Beaumont, Manrico; and Mr. Frank May, the Count.

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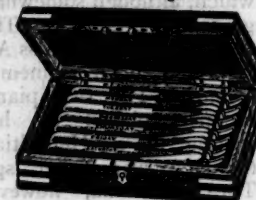


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